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The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



SEPTEMBER
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SUCCESS STORIES FROM THE NATIONAL JUNIOR SEWING CLUB



For Weeks after that new girl moved here, I felt like a perfect dodo. The boys all thought she was terrific, but who wouldn't be . . . in those clothes!



"Where do you get them?" I asked her one day, knowing full well my family couldn't afford them, anyway. And I almost swooned away when she told me she made them herself! She learned how at the National Junior Sewing Club, which any girl can join free!



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MEMBERSHIP PIN—presented to full-fledged members of the National Junior Sewing Club.

DIPLOMA—presented to all girls making a dress and taking part in the Club's Fashion Show.

SCOUT CLOTHING BADGE—The lessons and instructions received at the National Junior Sewing Club will help you earn Girl Scout Clothing Badges.



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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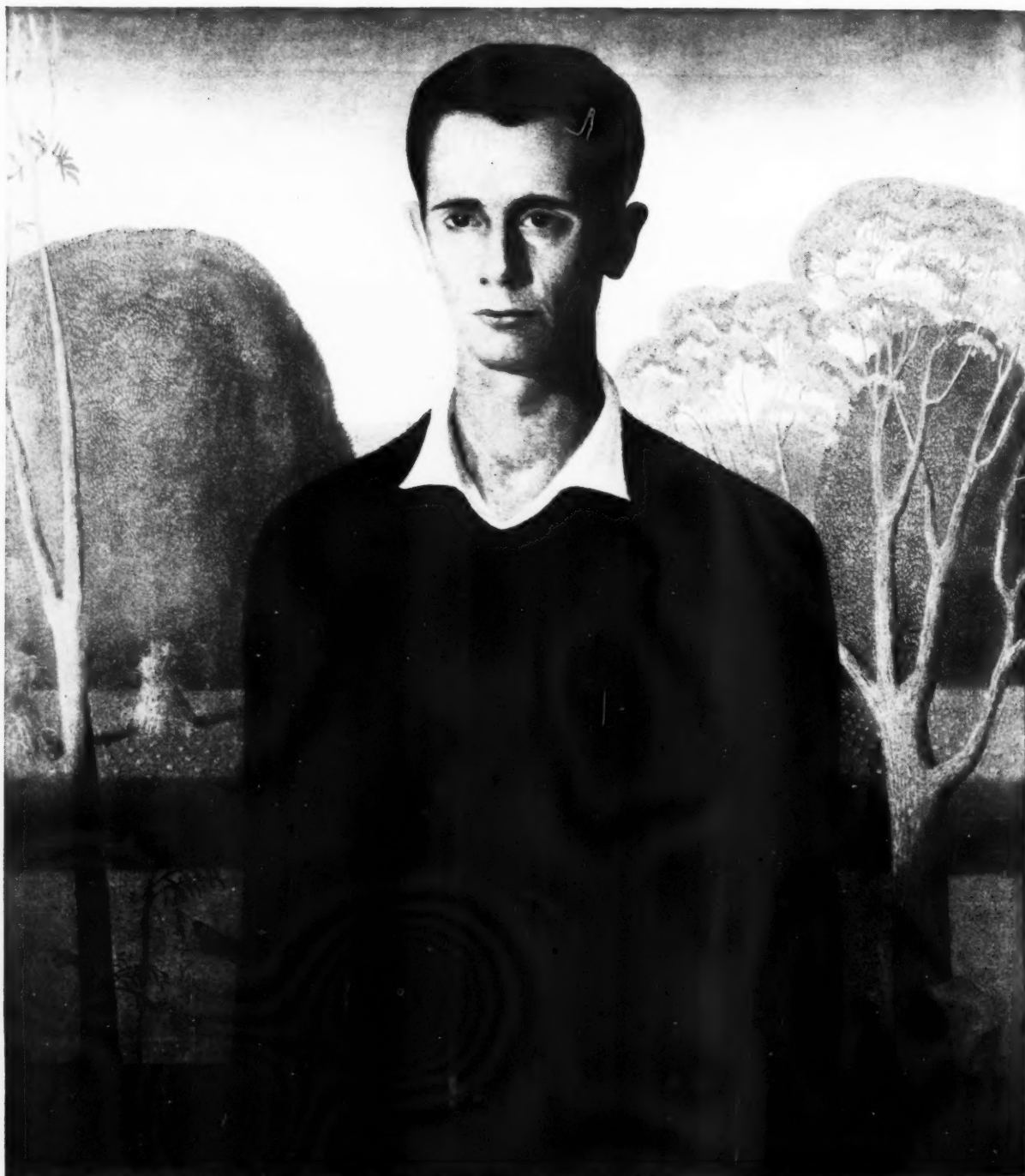
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AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, XLI

ARNOLD COMES OF AGE *Painted by* GRANT WOOD

(For biographical note, turn to page 50)

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

SEPTEMBER • 1941

SKY RABBITS *Unlimited*



PART ONE

KATE BROWN slammed the weathered gate behind her, hard, with her elbow. She was a tall girl of sixteen, bearing

ing her curly bright head high, like a candle flame. She wore faded blue overalls and carried two paper bags and an armload of kindling. She looked as if she were going on a picnic, and she was; the whole early morning world called young folks to picnic, and Little Matt and Ruth raced up the canyon road ahead of her in whole-hearted response.

But Kate looked gloomily after her care-free brother and sister. "They're like colts," she thought. "They haven't a thought in their heads, or a care in the world."

"Kate! Do hurry up," fifteen-year-old Ruth called back in her fluty voice. "What's keeping you? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Oh, never mind," returned Kate brusquely. She lifted her shoulders with an involuntary sigh, and strode ahead. "Little Matt, I suppose you forgot the matches."

"I did not, either," shouted Little Matt, an eleven-year-old with red hair and the awkward look of a young rooster. "I got 'em right here in my pocket." He dashed ahead again in wild hilarity.

Ruthie waited for Kate, and they walked on together up the road that followed the narrow canyon's curves. Below the road the bright, cold mountain stream blustered over its rocky bed; above it the little Colorado town of Sky Rock perched on the mountainside, some of the houses reached by long flights of steps where the hill was too steep for streets. The houses were mostly ell-shaped New England frame ones, transplanted by pioneer settlers. They still wore their jaunty green shutters, but most of them were badly in need of paint. The dark evergreens that mantled the hill flowed down nearly to the highest of the houses, and swirled about them was a pale-green petticoat of foamy aspens.

The girls passed the half dozen high-fronted old stores, only two of them in use, then the new box of a hamburger stand and service station, and the deserted stone bank which stood as lonely as the fort of a lost battle. High on the hill above it sprawled the Old Angel mine which had built the town, seventy years before, dug the silver out of the hills, and then the ore failing, left the town to decay.

Kate's blue eyes were fixed on the ground, Ruthie was admiring the shining day, and neither girl was conscious of what a stranger would have noticed—the beauty of the high hills on whose craggy tops the spring sun danced, light as a

Beginning a serial by the author of the Sara Hemingway stories—about valiant Kate who couldn't have what she wanted, but whose courage found a way

By
ELEANOR
HULL



KATE

JOEL

RUTH

LITTLE MATT

bubble, and the melancholy of the half-deserted town. They were used to these things, for they had lived in Sky Rock all their lives.

"Sky Rock looks like it had washed its face," Little Matt shrilled over his shoulder.

So it did—a rosy sheer tower of granite shining high at the end of the canyon, above the flanking hills, dominating the mountains and the canyon and the little town that was named for it.

"That's more than some people have this morning," commented Kate.

Little Matt wrinkled his nose at her and plunged down from the road to the stream, clear and sandy under the aspen trees. He flung himself down on his stomach and drank, dipping his face into the cold water that was pink over the clean sand, sunny brown over the rocks.

"There, my face is washed," he retorted, dripping. "Say, I'm sure hungry. Let's eat."

"Not till we get to the foot of Sky Rock," decreed Kate. "It's more fun to wait."

"We might just eat a fried cake," ventured Ruth, peeking into one of her bags.

"No," said Kate, with the finality of one used to giving orders. "It's weak-minded to nibble beforehand and take the edge off that wonderful hungriness when we scramble the eggs and smell the bacon."

"Aw, Kate," moaned Little Matt. He rushed out of sight up the road beyond the aspens. When the girls came up with him, they almost fell over him; he was crouching to stare at a butterfly, quivering on a flower like a line of gold. Now its wings spread and it floated up, light as a dream, to melt away among the sunny discs of the aspen leaves.

"Ain't it funny how different from each other butterflies fly?" Little Matt marveled, with the alert interest of the eleven-year-old. "Some of them flutter like fury, and some just take it easy and sail."

"Just like folks," said Kate. "Little Matt flutter: like fury, and Ruthie takes it easy and sails."

Ruth took no notice of this remark. She began to sing, in a pleasant, light voice, a popular song of the moment.

"That's a stupid song," said Kate. "Sing *Loch Lomond* instead."

Ruthie agreeably shifted, and Kate joined in, somewhat off key.

"Look, there's a trout," cried Little Matt, pointing to a dark pool at the foot of a short, white waterfall. They watched the gleaming, muscular body poise, undulating, and then shoot downstream like a flash of light.

"Wish I'd brung my pole," sighed Little Matt.

"Then Ruthie and I would have had to carry *all* the bundles," said Kate witheringly, glancing at Little Matt's one burden, the newspaper-wrapped frying pan which he carried over his shoulder like a baseball bat. "Boy, here's the hill!"

They set to work to climb in earnest then, for their path left the protected green valley and turned steeply up the hill. They left the aspens behind and trudged, bent almost double, up a clean white hillside where the wind blew and small pines grew hardily out of the sand, and kinnikinnick trailed shiny, small leaves.

Breathing grew heavy, and with one consent the climbers straightened their backs to rest. The great spire of Sky Rock, which had been hidden, loomed over them again, taking half the sky like a giant that had just arrived.

"Well, thank golliess, here we are," panted Little Matt, dropping the frying pan beside a charred circle of stones and wood. "Good ol' Sky Rock!"

"It's so odd, the way you can see it far off, and then it disappears till the last minute," remarked Ruth.

"It surprises me every time—in a real good way," agreed Kate. She stared up at the immense, majestic rising of the rock. "It almost makes me feel it's good to be alive—in spite of everything."

Ruth stared at her. "Almost? What do you mean, Kate Brown, *almost*? You don't act like yourself one bit to-day."

"Pete sakes, you graduated from high school yesterday, didn't you?" Little Matt cried, dragging a dead tree toward the fireplace. "You've got nothing to feel bad about. Look at me! I got six more years of school to plow through. Golliess."

"Look at Reldie Hichens. She flunked," reminded Ruth in a pitying voice.

"I wish I'd have flunked," said Kate, viciously striking off the head of her match against a stone. "And I wish I had that job at Gerber's store that Reldie got, too."

Ruth put her fists on her hips and stared. "Reldie got a job *you* wanted, Kate?"

"Yes, and I think Mr. Gerber's insane," said Kate grimly. "I could have made that store over into a different place,

KATE AND JOEL STARED
AT EACH OTHER FOR AN
INSTANT AS IF NEITHER
HAD SEEN THE LIKE
OF THE OTHER BEFORE
—AND NEITHER HAD



Ruthie. I told him so, too. You know how unattractive it is—dark and dingy and dull—and how badly the stock's arranged. You fix the eggs now, Ruth, and don't cook them too hard. The bacon's done."

Ruth fished out the sizzling strips of bacon, cracked the eggs on the edge of the frying pan and dropped them in, scrambling them with a fork. Then her eyes returned to Kate. "Maybe Mr. Gerber didn't want his store made over into a different place," she suggested.

"No, he didn't. He'd rather just sit there, covered with moss, until he turns into a stump," agreed Kate dismally.

"That's what this whole town is like. And it looks now as if I'd have to spend my whole life here."

"Looks now?" repeated Ruthie. "Why does it look any different now than it's always done?"

"Watch your eggs," Kate warned.

Little Matt capered up to the fire. "I'm going to die, if you don't hurry up," he shouted, dancing with appetite.

"Maybe you could get the buns ready (Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by
CORINNE
MALVERN



IF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Dear Aunt Tess,

Next month is Vocational Month at our high school and each student is requested to gather all the material she can about some profession in which she is interested, and to give a report to the class. As I've always wanted to be a physical education teacher ever since I can remember, I chose that field, and I started out in a big way to dig the material for my report out of the books in the public library. But I found the reading so dry and technical that it almost put me to sleep.

I'm sure no one in the world knows as much about physical education as you do, and your letters are never dull, so please, Aunt Tess, won't you be a good sport, like you always are, and write me the answers to these questions? What demand is there for physical education? Where are the jobs? What do they pay? How long must you study to enter this field? What kind of girls are best fitted for it?

We're already counting the days until you come to visit us again, and you can be sure of a royal welcome with the fattened calf done to a turn. In the meantime, you will take a few hours out of your busy days and write me a good, long letter about that wonderful work you've done for years, won't you?

Love and a big thank you from
Your devoted niece,
Margy

My dear Margy,

I'm afraid I'm being what you girls call an easy mark by succumbing to your flattery. If I were the stern relative I should be, I'd refuse to write the life history of my chosen profession for you. I'd insist that you spend long hours poring over technical books, U.S. pamphlets number thus and so, and make you dig out dry statistics, hidden in huge volumes, for yourself. But

I must confess to a certain reluctance to have you spend these luscious, crisp days browsing in dusty books when you might be out of doors, so I'll be an indulgent aunt and tell you all I know about this choice field of work which captured my imagination way back in my high school days.

We'll start with your first question about the demand for teachers of physical education. If you ask some people, they will point with despair to the number of graduates who are selling hosiery over a counter, or typing in their fathers' offices, and they will assure you that this field, like all others, is overcrowded. I'll admit that for

years, due to the number of colleges and universities which have opened departments for training teachers in physical education, we have graduated around 5,000 persons each year and been able to place in professional positions only about 3,500. But the census figures for 1930 showed there were about 30,000,000 children in this country, all of whom should have the opportunity for "growth, social development, and the maintenance of physical fitness" which comes from physical education. It is not overproduction but underconsumption which troubles our professional field, as well as our economy. The schools which select their pupils most carefully and graduate only the best have far more positions offered than they can fill; and throughout the nation the demand for excellent teachers is greater than the supply. As in many professions, "there is always room at the top." In Westminster Abbey there is a bronze plaque as a memorial to Barnett, the man who founded Toynbee Hall, the first settlement house in the world. On the plaque is pictured a man sowing grain and beneath, the words, "Fear not to sow because of the birds." I like to keep those words in mind when thinking of adventuring into new fields and feeling a bit dubious about results.

Since we assert that there are jobs, you may well ask, where? At present, thirty-eight States, in which dwell ninety per cent of the people of our nation, have laws on their statute books requiring that physical education shall be taught in all public schools. Those which do not have such laws are Colorado, Kansas, Louisiana, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, and Wyoming.

There is no city of any size and importance which does not employ physical educators in junior and senior high schools. Unfortunately, the elementary school program is usually left to the grade teacher, with only the aid of a city supervisor. The establishment of consolidated schools in hundreds of counties has



IS YOUR

CHOICE

Illustrated by
S. WENDELL
CAMPBELL

By
ANNE
FRANCES
HODGKINS

Director of Educational
and Leisure Time
Activities of the
Girls' Service
League



made a real demand for physical educators, and with the one-room rural school rapidly becoming a thing of the past, the future field for us looks bright. Then there are around 2,000 colleges and universities requiring our services also, so be not dismayed about your chance of finding a place in the sun. Many girls prefer informal or recreational types of teaching, and for them there are hundreds of positions created by clubs, settlement houses, Young Women's Christian Associations, Young Women's Hebrew Associations, playgrounds, community centers, hotels, and beauty salons.

Several of the larger professional schools offer courses in physiotherapy, and many graduates elect to work in this field. Our President has given great impetus to the prevention and correction of physical deformities and, with more funds available for hospitals and staffs, there should be increasing opportunities for physiotherapists.

Your next question is about the pay. Don't you think we had better leave that one unanswered until we get you ready to take a position? Let's talk now about the education which is required in order to get a pay check. We'll begin with high school, for the college always has its foot on the neck of the high school, and if the latter does not offer students the subjects necessary to be accepted by the committee on ad-

Another article in our vocational series—this one by a well-known authority in the field of physical education

missions, the poor students don't get into college and have to spend another year or two wandering like the children of Israel in the desert. Therefore it is important that you take the right courses, in order to get your foot on the right ladder to success. Courses usually required for college entrance are English literature and composition; social sciences such as history, civics, problems of democracy, economics or sociology; science, with laboratory work, as biology, physics, chemistry, and general science; mathematics; and the fine arts. The fundamental requirement for prospective students in P.E. is *excellent health*.

Physical education is no "cinch," as some people used to think. It requires not only creditable performance in the academic studies, but also the ability to do well in the realm of neuromuscular activities. If you tire easily and find that

after an hour of field hockey, modern dancing, or basket ball, you can't keep awake to do your home work, you had better elect a less strenuous profession. Good fundamental skill in many land and water sports, a well-developed sense of rhythm, and some knowledge of the dance plus the ability to play a musical instrument are all added assets for entrance into professional schools. The less time you have to devote to acquiring physical skills, the more time you can spend on learning how best to transmit what you know to others, and to exploring the realms of "higher education"—doesn't the term enthrall you?

Well, now that we have graduated you from high school, and helped you pass the entrance exams and requirements of a first-class college which offers a (Continued on page 42)

GENIUS IN BUD

ANN HUTCHINS swung along Main Street, her face uptilted to the misty rain. "Lovely morning, isn't it?" she beamed at Grimes Center's lone policeman huddled underneath an awning, his slicker turned well up.

The policeman, who had known Ann from her birth, grinned wryly back. "Meaning it's Wednesday morning, huh? And the paper comes out to-morrow?" he retorted. "Suppose you'd enjoy Wednesdays even if we was to have a fire or an earthquake."

"Even more!" Ann vowed. "Think of the news we'd have to print."

The policeman chuckled. All Grimes Center knew that Ann Hutchins was as daft about newspapers as her father before her. Hadn't she pestered her dad for a job on the *Clarion Weekly* every vacation since she was twelve years old? And hadn't she organized high-pressure campaigns among his friends to maneuver him into giving her her way? Probably she should have been reprimanded for that, but her dad only laughed. Perhaps he saw the makings of a newspaper woman in her efforts. Anyway, he allowed her to learn to operate the linotype machine.

Well, she'd got her wish at last. The way she covered that big explosion down at the oil tanks in the spring, when Mr. Hutchins was laid up, even taking pictures that big city papers had bought—that had convinced her dad she was a newspaper woman all right. He'd put her on as reporter for the *Clarion* and local correspondent for city papers the day that school was out.

Ann wriggled her small nose to dislodge a rain-drop as she hiked on. "Oh, it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday, it's Wednesday!" she sang half aloud, and then changed to a marching tune, "We go to press to-night! Oh, we go to press to-night! Boom, boom, de boomdeay, we go to press to-night!"

To these martial strains, she swept into the *Clarion* office and slung her dripping hat toward the wastebasket. "Good morning, Mr. Phelan," she called to the aged printer who was helping her in the front office until her father should return from the newspaper convention. No peacock could have been prouder than she was to have been left in charge.

Mr. Phelan didn't share her opinion of the morning. "Look here, Ann," he burst out, "this Bud Gillian nonsense has got to stop. Next thing you know the *Miller-ville Bugle* will be giving the *Clarion* the laugh—and you know how well your father will like that!" He slammed a yellow slip on her desk. "See what you've done already!"

Ann caught up the telegram. "A Chicago newspaper reporting Bud's exhibition to-morrow!" she squealed ecstatically. "I can't believe it."

"I wish I couldn't," Mr. Phelan grumbled.

"It's just what I've been hoping and praying for," Ann breathed, her eyes shining. "Why, it'll be the making of Bud."

Mr. Phelan flopped into a chair. He tried to speak with patience. "Who in the whole town of Grimes Center—except you—thinks Bud Gillian can paint? Nobody."

"Why, you do, Mr. Phelan. You said yourself that—"

"I said he could paint cows that looked like cows. But land of the living, what I know about art you could pack into a peanut—and that goes for you, too, Ann Hutchins. Long-

Ann had a nose for news and a conviction that Bud had talent, but it took courage to convince the town and give Bud his chance



side some real brush-slinger's stuff, like as not Bud's pictures would look terrible."

"Well, the cows would still look like cows, wouldn't they?" Ann asked.

Mr. Phelan tried a new tack. "Look, Ann, you got a reputation to hold up. You're no amateur any more—you're a professional newspaper woman."

"During vacations," Ann interposed.

Mr. Phelan waved that aside. "Well, now, a professional like you can't take chances with her career. Some day, after you graduate, you might be applying for a job right here on this same Chicago paper—" he tapped the telegram ominously—"and what do you suppose they'd say then?"

"You're hired!" Ann suggested hopefully.

"Land o' Goshen, no!" Mr. Phelan wiped his perspiring brow. "They'd say, 'Let's see, aren't you the young lady who

By NAN GILBERT

Illustrated by
HARVÉ
STEIN



ABOVE THE STORM A MAN'S VOICE SHOUTED, "NEED ANY HELP?" ANN WAVED THE FLASH LIGHT IN FRANTIC ASSENT AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE SMALL BOAT BUMPED GENTLY AGAINST THE BUILDING

pulled that Gillian fiasco, back on her daddy's newspaper in Grimes Center? Wrote all those swell stories about what a hot-shot that home-town kid was? Got us all so stirred up we sent a reporter over there—just to find out the kid's a dumb ditch-digger?"

"He isn't a ditch-digger!" Ann pointed out reasonably. "He won't be until graduation next year, when they start work on the dam. And he won't be then, if the exhibition is a success and he can sell some pictures."

Mr. Phelan felt his temper rising. He rose and strode up and down the narrow office. "Ann Hutchins," he roared, "are you going to the telegraph office this minute and wire that Chicago outfit 'No Sale,' or are you going to sit there and argue until you've drowned your own daddy's newspaper with slurs and ridicule about this farm hand—"

"Ditch-digger," Ann corrected. "All right, I'll go."

"And put on your raincoat, too," Mr. Phelan shouted after her, mollified. "It's coming down like it means to rain all day."

There was misgiving in Ann's heart when she stepped out of the *Clavion* office. Mr. Phelan's reaction to the telegram she held was a fatal blow to her ambitious plans for Bud. Wistfully she reread it:

"Is Gillian good for feature article Sunday edition? If so, can send reporter to cover exhibition Thursday."

A Chicago reporter willing to write up Bud's work! She remembered the day she had learned that Bud could paint. It had been about three months ago. She and the rest of the junior class were making preparations for their annual play and deploring the scenery as usual when Bud Gillian had surprised them all by shyly offering to paint some back-grounds for them. Although Bud had been their classmate for years and years, nobody had really known much about him before that. He was a quiet, modest fellow, about average in his studies and no shining light in sports.

And after his moment of glory—being mentioned on the play programs as "Scenic Designer"—he would have relapsed into obscurity if Ann hadn't taken up his cause. She had

gone out to his farm home and met his mild, hard-working parents; she had looked over canvas after canvas and grown more enthusiastic with each one. They were all simple subjects—a corner of the Van Drager farm, a shady spot on the river bank—but they were familiar scenes to Ann, and the fact that Bud could reproduce them recognizably stamped him as a person of genius in her mind.

She had urged him to gather all his paintings together and give an exhibition after school was out. Together they had approached Mr. Samuel Phipps, president of the bank, and had persuaded him to allow them to use his tumble-down abandoned store down on the river bank for the exhibition. There they had set up, on homemade easels, every canvas Bud would display.

Now everything was ready at last—and the exhibition was scheduled for to-morrow. Ann had written a feature story in the *Clarion* about Bud and his work, and had exulted over the fact that several Chicago papers had printed her news release about it. Grimes Center still scoffed, but everybody would come, she was sure; they would sing Bud's praises, too, if a city reporter wrote of the exhibition with respect.

Dreamily, her head still in the clouds, she reached the telegraph station. A real city reporter! A being beyond her wildest hopes when she had planned the exhibition! She propped her elbows on the counter and gazed, wide-eyed, into roseate space.

"You want to send a wire?" the operator reminded her.

Ann stared at him, then beamed. "Absolutely!" She scribbled the address of the Chicago paper on a pad, and underneath wrote, "Gillian good for any amount of publicity." There, that would bring them!

But halfway back to the *Clarion* office, the rain beating into her face brought her thumping back to earth again. Suppose Bud hadn't any talent? After all, she knew nothing about painting. She just liked the pictures. She stopped short, her eyes wide with horror. Good gracious, what had

she done? Wiring them to come instead of holding them off? Disregarding Mr. Phelan's advice, when he knew so much more about the newspaper business than she did? When he found out—when he told her father—

Ann wrung her hands. There would go her precious job after all the effort she'd spent getting it. There would go her career—hadn't Mr. Phelan said so himself? No newspaper would give a job to a girl who had taken it upon herself to promote the Gillian exhibition single-handed—if that exhibition proved to be a flop.

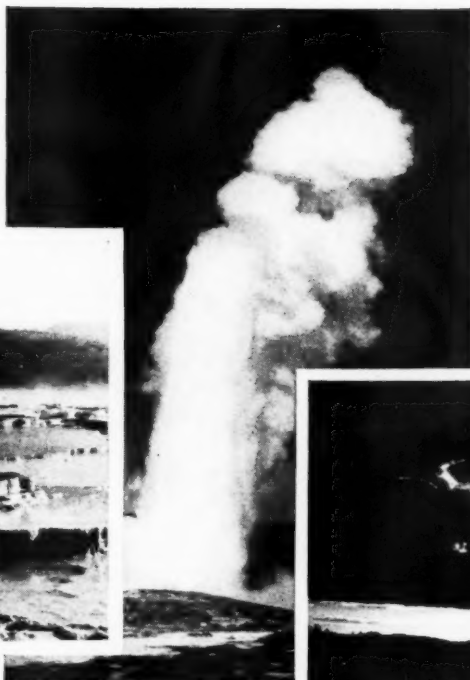
She half swung back toward the telegraph station. She'd send another wire; she'd say the first was a mistake. Then her spine stiffened and her chin set firmly. She'd do nothing of the kind.

"He *is* good," she told herself stubbornly. "And Dad would back me up in it, too." But the last words were spoken more prayerfully than positively, and her posture as she returned to the *Clarion* office was noticeably wilted.

Bud Gillian came in during the (Continued on page 39)



BELOW: HOT-WATER POOLS OF VARYING COLORS MAKE THE TERRACES OF MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS ONE OF THE FIRST MAJOR WONDERS ONE SEES ON ENTERING THE GATEWAY TO YELLOWSTONE PARK AT GARDINER, MONTANA



LEFT: "OLD FAITHFUL" PROVIDES A MIGHTY SPECTACLE WITH ITS HOURLY ERUPTIONS

BELOW: A PEACEFUL EVENING SCENE AT LITTLE BEAR LAKE, FROM THE RED LODGE HIGH ROAD, ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR APPROACHES TO THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



The LAND of GEYSERS



WE ARRIVED one July day via rail, at Gardiner, Montana, the original gateway to our largest national park, the Yellowstone. Transportation within the Park proper is limited to automobiles, and we found a row of sight-seeing busses waiting for our train. As we climbed into the back seat of one of them, we noticed that a man and a woman in front of us were plastering their faces with a heavy cream paste. Soon their faces were entirely hidden under a white mask. "It's to prevent sunburn," the woman explained.

Perhaps she thought that since the Yellowstone is noted for volcanic phenomena, she must be entering a very hot country. However, one of the pleasant things about the area is the contrast between alpine scenery and the steaming eruptions. In this high land, snow is not cleared from the highways until mid-May or the first of June, and although it is possible, of course, to get both a wind- and sunburn, the summer climate is cool and a hat brim is sufficient protection for most faces.

When everyone was seated, the busses rumbled away from the railroad station in single file, passing under the stone archway dedicated by Theodore Roosevelt to mark the Park boundary. Then we began to mount dizzily toward high mountains, the Rockies of the State of Wyoming, where the greater part of the Park is situated. On the north it spreads

Yellowstone National Park is not only a country of geysers and bubbling hot-water springs, but is also America's largest game preserve

By

DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER

Photographs by courtesy of Northern Pacific Railway

out into Montana, on the west into Idaho. Ahead of us lay a plateau, seven thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level, and a wilderness section far from towns. Here alpine peaks and ridges tower several thousand feet above the tableland and form a cool, snow-capped background for the geyser basins.

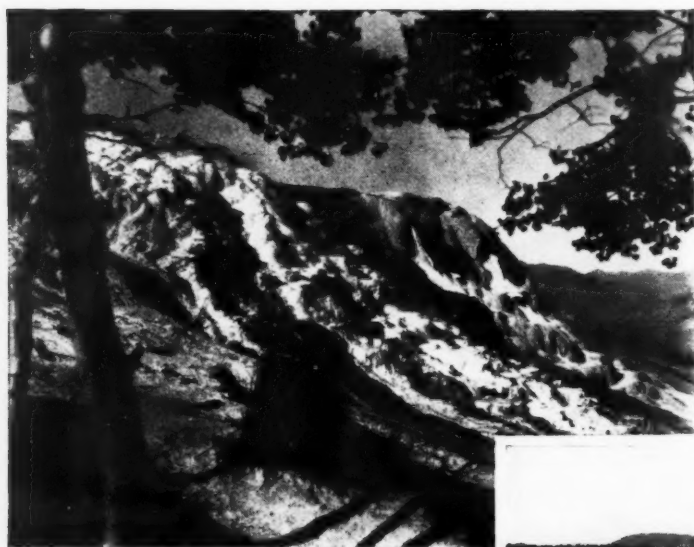
Immediately above us rose the monolith formations of colorful Gardiner Canyon. Our

driver pointed out the graceful form of a large bird, circling over the pinnacle known as Eagle Rock.

"A bald eagle!" I exclaimed, thinking how exciting it was to be welcomed to the Park by our national bird. Nils explained, however, that the bird we saw was hawklike in appearance, and in all probability was not an eagle but an osprey, a large fish hawk. Later a ranger verified this, saying that Eagle Rock is now occupied by nesting ospreys, although eagles may frequently be seen flying among the nearby peaks.

Our bus caravan was headed toward the loop highway, a road system in the form of a rough figure eight, covering some one hundred and forty-five miles of territory within the Park. The loop is supplemented by several lesser roads and many foot and horse trails.

In order not to miss any of the sights, we stood up in the bus. The modern Park busses have been designed for



ANOTHER VIEW OF MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS WHERE HOT WATER OVERFLOWS INTO COLORED TERRACES

"rubbernecks" like us. One is in no danger of falling out because although the tops are open, the window frames are shoulder high, forming braces which keep eager sight-seers from being bounced out onto the road. Standing up, we could better watch the breath-taking view of the canyon dropping away behind us and at the same time, keep our eyes open for wild animals.

Yellowstone is not only a geyser center. It has the added attraction of being the largest game preserve in the United States. We soon spotted a pair of pronghorn antelopes which stood near the road, curiously regarding our motor caravan.

"Watch the white rosettes on their rumps," said Nils as we came nearer to the graceful creatures. One of them became alarmed at our approach and turned, showing bristling rump hairs which made a flash of white. It is their means of warning their kind when, drawn close to danger by their insatiable curiosity, they suddenly become frightened. Nils waved his handkerchief at the antelopes as we went past, and they bounded away on their swift, slim legs, their rump hairs literally standing on end.

"Those animals are so curious," Nils said, "that they can be lured within gunshot by a white rag hung on a tree."

Just then we noticed that we were entering a volcanic area, Mammoth Hot Springs. As our bus drew up in front of a sprawling hotel, we could see steam coming up from huge, fretted terraces. A ranger, in forest green uniform, came forward to escort us to the springs. Although the water flowing over the basins was steaming, the formation around the mouths of the springs looked strangely cool. The basins themselves are made of minerals carried up from under the earth by the bubbling hot water, and over a period of years quantities of white minerals have been deposited, forming natural terraces.

"The temperature of the water," explained our guide, "varies from one hundred and fifty-nine and eight-tenths degrees Fahrenheit to one hundred and sixty-five and five-tenths degrees Fahrenheit."

The water looked hot enough to cook in, but our guide pointed out certain microscopic algae which thrive on the

sides of the basins, coloring the edges of some of the pools brilliantly red, pink, tan, brown, or gray. Many of the terraces contain deep pools of intensely blue water, which add to the fairylike look of the place and no doubt helped inspire their names. One prominent formation is called simply Mound Terrace, but others have been christened with romantic titles. There is Angel Terrace, Cleopatra Terrace, Hymen Terrace, and Jupiter Terrace, biggest hot-spring terrace in the world.

Minerva is decorated with formations which remind one of stalactites in caves, and have earned Minerva the unpoetic nickname of "Nature's Big Frosted Cake"—quite an apt description.

As we drove on after lunch from Mammoth

Hot Springs, we knew that we were riding over an area which is close to underground heat. We felt as if we were riding on top of a volcano which might erupt at any moment. However, geologists say that this is now a dying volcanic region. Most of the area, the high mountains and the table-land, was made by



THE GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER PLUNGE THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHT FEET INTO THE YELLOWSTONE'S MIGHTY CANYON

volcanic eruptions. Long, long ago, great quantities of lava and ash were thrown out of the interior of the earth, and the country was then a seething furnace.

Soon after leaving Mammoth Hot Springs, we passed Obsidian Cliff. This cliff is volcanic in origin and looks like black glass. It is the center of a Baron Munchausen type of story. Jim Bridger, an old trapper and guide in the early days of the Yellowstone, used to tell a tall yarn about trying to

shoot a deer near Obsidian. Bridger was a crack shot, but when he aimed at the deer and fired, the deer just went on grazing. Four times he missed his mark, and then he rushed angrily forward to club the deer with his rifle stock. To his amazement, he said, he found himself clubbing the reflection of a deer in the cliff, which acted like a mirror.

In small lakes near Obsidian Cliff and in many other parts of the Park we noticed beaver dams, but since the beaver is

BELOW: A HERD OF ELK ON THE SNOWY SLOPES OF THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES, IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



largely nocturnal, we did not see any of these animals. Big game such as moose, elk, and mountain sheep are frequently seen by people on pack trips into the interior, but everyone sees bears—for the Yellowstone black bears make it their duty to welcome each visitor personally. Black bears and cinnamons, brunets and blonds of the same family, are so friendly that they often make nuisances of themselves. At our next stop, a she-bear and her twin cubs ambled boldly up to our bus. This was what was generally known as a bear holdup. If they had been able to speak, they would no doubt have said, "Your life or your chocolate bar!" Bears love sweets.

Our driver told us that they would not bother us if we did not bother them. And from the speed with



Photograph by F. W. Byerly

THOUSANDS OF SHEEP GRAZING ON THE LOFTY ALPINE MEADOWS OF THE BEARTOOTH ROCKIES PROVIDE ONE OF THE STRIKING SIGHTS FROM RED LODGE HIGH ROAD. LEFT: MONARCHS OF THE WEST, BISON BELONGING TO THE LARGE HERD IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



were glad to leave the bus and stretch our legs by walking among the geysers (which here erupt rather irregularly) and the springs. Our guide warned us to keep on the paths which crossed local depressions via boards. A dank, sulphurous odor filled the air, and the crust of the ground thereabouts looked treacherously thin. One of the vents in the earth growled so ominously that it attracted everyone's attention. "That is called the Black Growler Vent," our guide explained. "It is the hottest vent in the park. The steam reaches a temperature of two hundred and eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit."

From that point on, we were in the midst of geysers and hot springs. There are six major geyser basins and our tour took us through four of them. We found ourselves driving through what might be termed a country of teakettles. To give you some idea of the activity in the Yellowstone, there are approximately three thousand geysers and hot springs. The geysers are in all stages of eruption. Some spout once a day, others but twice a year. Old Faithful erupts approximately every sixty-five minutes, and is therefore the main attraction in the Park.

Late that afternoon, our bus caravan drew up in front of a rustic building which reminded me of an overgrown hunting lodge. This was Old Faithful Inn. The world-famous geyser is located in the front yard of this hotel, or rather the hotel is located in the back yard of the geyser. We found that the next eruption of Old Faithful would take place just after dinner.

The porter, or "packrat" in national park language, who took our bags to our room was a lanky, sunburned youth. We knew that most of the employees of the Park were college boys and girls, and we found that our "packrat" was a student at Southern Methodist University in Texas.

He told us that the hotel and transportation employees were known collectively as "savages," that the girl who would wait on our table at dinner was a (Continued on page 46)



Photograph by Warner F. Clapp and Ralph A. Woolsey

A BUS BOUND FOR YELLOWSTONE STOPS AT BEARTOOTH LAKE AND BUTTE WHERE MANY FOSSIL RELICS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED

which most of the passengers scrambled back into the bus, it seemed unlikely that anyone wanted to bother either the mother bruin or her cunning little cubs.

We soon entered the region of the major geyser basins, stopping beside a desolate area which looked as though it had been seared by acids. Issuing from vents in the earth came hissing steam. This was Norris Geyser Basin. We



The CINDERELLA Complex

By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

Cousin EMMIE, you know, dotes on quotations of every description. One of her favorites is "Never cross the bridge until you come to it." It's good advice, I'm sure, but hard to take. I mean, how could anybody help dreading the thought of having for a roommate a girl named Mary Patricia Harrell DeLongino? A name like that is enough to fill the stoutest heart with foreboding, and mine isn't one of the stoutest. And if, on top of the name, you find out that the girl has squillions of dollars—well, it makes your feet even colder.

I had supposed, of course, that at Norman Hall I would room with Fanny. Even that wouldn't be all apple pie, because Fanny is inclined to treat me like a child with water on the brain. I mean, she is definitely the dictator type. In spite of that, she is my best friend and loyal unto death. I much preferred the thought of rooming with her to any stranger. But the dean said, no, indeed, I couldn't do that. It is against their rule to let two girls from the same town room together. We were not even going to be in the same dormitory. She got out a little book and broke it to me that I was assigned to room with M. P. H. DeL. It may have been because my name starts with a D—Downing, DeLongino.

"Your room will be number thirteen in Iris Hall," she said crisply. "The house mother there is Mrs. Crockett. Report to her, please."

Number thirteen. I stood there a minute, trying to nerve myself to ask if it had to be *that* room. I know they say there's nothing to that number business; just the same I was thirteen the day I fell out of the apple tree and broke my arm, and it was on the thirteenth of last July that I lost my precious wrist watch.

Finally the dean looked at me and said, "Is there anything you wish to ask?"

Hastily I murmured, "No, thank you," and left. Clearly she wouldn't be interested. I did mention the number to Mrs. Crockett, though, when she took me up to my room. She's Irish and we all love her.

"Now, dearie," she said, "don't give it a thought. I've been here eight years. The girls in number thirteen are the luckiest girls in this building. It's something remarkable. They make the best grades, they're never sick, and if a handsome beau comes in sight, one or the other of them always gets him."

She climbed on a chair, reached up and took down some-

When the dean vetoed Fanny's and Lucy Ellen's request that they be allowed to room together, Lucy Ellen found, to her dismay, that she'd drawn the richest girl in school

thing from over the wide door-facing. It turned out to be a tiny, flat tin box, rather like an aspirin box but old and rusty. She opened it and I looked inside.

"A four leaf clover!" I exclaimed.

"It grew in Killarney," she told me with a twinkle. "I picked it on a summer day, when I was a girl about like you. I thought to myself, when I came here, that it might have the power to outdo that little thirteen, and so it has had. Not that I'm one to depend on good luck charms," she added hastily. "We make our own luck is what I always say." She carefully replaced the little box over the door.

I felt definitely cheered up about my prospects—until that night when the two girls across the hall dropped in to see me. Their names are Kitty and Ethel, but they are so inseparable we've nicknamed them Pork and Beans. I asked them, "Do you know anything about a girl named Mary Patricia Harrell DeLongino? She's going to room with me."

"She is!" exclaimed Pork.

"How exciting," said Beans. "She's in the *Social Register*."

"And her father makes practically all the buttons in the world," added Pork.

"Their house is about fifty miles from where we live," Beans went on. "It's a show place."

"I heard she has her own plane," said Pork. "She went to school in France until the war. She doesn't know much about American schools. Her grandmother is the Countess of Something-or-Other—I can't remember what."

"Don't tell me any more," I moaned. "I can see that she and I are going to have a lot in common!"

Meeting her stepmother didn't help matters any. She came unexpectedly on Sunday afternoon, though the dean had told me Mary Patricia would not be arriving for several days. It couldn't have been at a more inauspicious moment. I had just had a shower and was wrapped in my faded summer housecoat because it was too hot for my new corduroy. I had cleansing cream on my face and my hair done up in curlers because Fanny and I were going to the faculty tea before Vespers.

When Mrs. DeLongino knocked I called, "Come!" but no one came. The knock was repeated and I went to open the door. There before me stood the most perfectly groomed woman I ever expect to see—and me looking as if I'd just been rescued from a burning building! I gulped, "How do you do? Won't you come in?"

"Thank you," she said in a deep purple voice, if you know what I mean. She entered, threading her way between my new oxfords, my tennis racquet, and a pile of photographs I hadn't decided where to put. She sat down in the only chair that wasn't more or less concealed with my belongings and lighted a cigarette. I hastily emptied the apple cores left behind by Pork and Beans and offered her an ash tray. (A lot of our friends gave us ash trays as parting gifts, but we just use them for apple cores, because if you smoke you get shipped.)

"You are Lucy Ellen Downing, I believe?" she said.

"Yes, I am," I admitted.

"I am Mrs. DeLongino," she told me. "I understand that my stepdaughter, Pa-

tricia, is to be your roommate. She will be a day or two late. Her grandmother chose this not too convenient time to make her annual visit." She shrugged. It was plain that the Countess of Something-or-Other was not one of her favorite people.

Another knock sounded at the door. I thought it was Pork and Beans, and I hoped they wouldn't be feeling too chatty. But when I opened it, there stood a chauffeur in livery and a maid in uniform, loaded down with hat boxes and other luggage.

Mrs. DeLongino said, "Bring them in, Wilson." The wild idea occurred to me that, maybe, in speaking of our cook, Aunt Susan, to Mary Patricia I should say "Rutledge." After all, Rutledge is Aunt Susan's last name. But I dismissed the thought. I'd always be forgetting and, anyway, honesty is the best policy.

"I'm driving down to Miami," Mrs. DeLongino explained. "As I had to pass through here anyway, I decided to bring along some of Patricia's luggage." She waved her cigarette toward the right hand closet door. "Hang the things in there, Bailey," she said to the maid. "Lucy Ellen's things are in the other closet." Unfortunately my closet door was open, revealing pandemonium within. I'm not so disorderly by nature—I really love neatness—but I'd never before tried to manage all my possessions without Mother around to sort of chart the course for me.

My Cinderella complex grew on me as I watched the maid unpack Mary Patricia's things. They were yummy, simply yummy. Last of all she lifted out a fur coat. It was a beautiful squishy beaver coat. I am sure my skin took on a greenish tinge, I was so envious. My brown tweed with a possum collar certainly had a poor-but-honest air by comparison.

Mrs. DeLongino walked to the front window and looked down on the campus which is really beautiful. "A very pretty spot," she said. "I hope you and Patricia will be happy here."

"Thank you," I murmured, "I'm sure we will." I wanted

Illustrated
by
PELAGIE
DOANE

I SAT ON THE FLOOR GNAWING
ON MY FOUNTAIN PEN, TRYING TO
THINK UP A SUITABLE SUBJECT
FOR MY FIRST ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT



to say, "I'm sure we won't." I was awfully glad when she left. I'll never forget the parting glimpse I had of her, going down the hall like one of the Barrymores—and behind her, at a respectful distance, Bailey and Wilson, still behaving exactly like deaf mutes. Aunt Susan may be a little too talkative, but at least she's human.

When I was alone I looked into my closet with a sinking heart. Everything in it looked skimpy and homemade to me, even the red velveteen I had liked so much. The sweater set Cousin Emmie had knitted for me was a trifle too pink. I had thought so at the time and now I knew it. Mary Patricia has about a dozen sweaters, most of them Angora wool in the most melting shades. My shoes, too, suffered by comparison. Beside my bedroom slippers and my gym shoes, I had just three pairs, oxfords, dressy pumps, and evening slippers. Mary Patricia had at least ten pairs. And hats! There were a row of them, each in its own little isinglass box, so you could choose the one you wanted at a glance. I had my topper, last year's vintage, and a little fur toque to match the collar on my coat.

I don't want you to think that I lacked appreciation. I was grateful for everything Mother got me; I knew it was all she could afford and actually, I suppose, all I really need. Just the same, I wished momentarily that Father had gone in for buttons instead of farming. That made me feel like a traitor and I thought humbly that all I deserved was some sackcloth to wear, or maybe a hair shirt.

Just then Fanny came strolling in, looking luscious in her new brown velvet and gold toque. I was never more glad to see her. She picked up Father's framed photograph off the floor. "He is certainly a handsome man," she said. "He looks very much like Thomas Jefferson. Where are you going to hang him?"

"I can't decide," I muttered.

"Come, come," said

Fanny impatiently, "it's time you got this room to rights. It's looked like the House of Usher after the fall long enough. I'll help you. I'll put up the pictures. Here are the hooks. Have you got a hammer?"

"I did have one," I said. "But it seems to be lost. It's a tack hammer."

"A tack hammer is what I need, Sweet," she said. "A sledge hammer wouldn't do."

I fished around among the things in the bottom of my trunk, but I couldn't find it, so Fanny pulled off her brown suede pump and used the heel for a hammer. She got three or four pictures hung, then she turned around and saw me

sitting forlornly on the side of my bed, staring into space. "You'd better start dressing," she told me. "You look like a wounded doe. What's the matter?"

"I'm sunk because I've got to room with an heiress who has always gone to school in France and has a countess for a grandmother," I confessed. "Besides all that, they tell me she owns a plane. Don't you think we'll be congenial?"

"Quite likely," said Fanny. "Money isn't everything. Hadn't you heard?"

"Her stepmother certainly hasn't," I said. "A gilded lily if ever I saw one. Anyway, I wanted to room with you."

"Thanks for the compliment," Fanny said. "I'd like nothing better. If you could see the little number I've drawn! She's from the great open spaces. She has a loud, nasal voice and she constantly sings, *Bury me on the Lone Prairie*. If she doesn't stop it, they'll have to bury her there—or somewhere—soon. I'll swap her for your button heiress, sight unseen."

The next day I started class work and I didn't have much time to worry. I had chosen my subjects with the greatest

care. I took English Composition because that's what I like best. I took Math because they make you, and Botany because Father insisted that I need some science. He says I need to do more thinking and less feeling, and that science makes you do that. To please Cousin Emmie, who does so many nice things for me, I took Modern Poetry. On the side I took Physical Education and Dramatic Art. I like my teachers a lot. They're not in the least dull or pompous.

With so many new things to occupy my time, my roommate worries were crowded out during the day. But when I got back to my room, all my misgivings returned. The reason was, I had a package from home. Before I opened it, I knew what it was. Dear, sweet Mother—I know how she is about wanting everyone to have enough to eat. She said she would send me a box of nick-nacks every week or two. I opened up the package, and there was a large shoe box filled with ham biscuits, a devil's food cake with fudge icing, a little jar of pickled onions, some strips of candied grapefruit peel. Aunt Susan always calls things like that "eatments." That night I called Pork and Beans and some of the other girls to come in and have a snack. They shrieked with joy at the sight and

pitched right in. We had a grand spread.

When they had gone, I thought about how it would be after Mary Patricia came. I felt certain she wouldn't care for anything so countrified as ham biscuits. Despondently I hid what was left of the eatments on the top shelf of my closet, and I decided that I would try to break it to Mother, tactfully, not to send me any more boxes. I would starve it out the rest of the year, I thought mournfully, rather than have Mary Patricia looking down her nose at my mother's cooking.

To tell the truth, I was feeling pretty depressed when I sat down in the middle of the floor to do my English assignment for the next day. Miss Rankin had (Continued on page 49)



"I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHO YOUR ROOMMATE IS," SHE SAID

HELPING YOURSELF THROUGH COLLEGE



FIRST GO TO THE STUDENT EMPLOYMENT BUREAU FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DIRECTOR WHO'LL HELP YOU FIND A JOB

By VIVIAN HORN

Some helpful pointers for the girl who is determined to have a college education, even though she has to work hard to get it

FEW of us have rich aunts and uncles who show up at critical moments with their check books, fountain pen in hand. That's why going away to college is so often a problem.

That's why so many of you know right now that if you go to college, you will have to work your way through. It's being done every day and you're pretty sure that when the time comes you can do it, too.

When the time comes, did you say?

Let's suppose that the time *has* come and you are starting out for your State University, which is tuition free to residents of the State. Your health is excellent, you've studied hard and you have a record you can be proud of, and even though you don't know exactly how you are going to swing the financial end of board, room, lab fees, and incidentals, you are brimming over with courage and enthusiasm and willing to work your head off.

As soon as you have registered, one of the first things you will do is to present yourself at the office where students are helped to find jobs. You will have an interview with the person in charge, who will ask you first of all, "And what can you do?"

"I'm willing to do anything," you answer promptly. "Anything at all, just so it's a job."

"Can you do housework?"

"Well, of course, I've helped Mother around the house."

"Can you cook?"

"Well, not very much, I'm afraid."

"Have you ever clerked in a store?"

"I've helped Dad a few times."

"Ever waited on table?"

"No."

"Can you type?"

"I took a year of typing in high school, but I dropped it."

"Shorthand?"

"No-o."

By this time you are depressed, even a little alarmed. You feel in your very bones that, if you just got a chance at some kind of work, you could learn it quickly and make a success of it. But they seem to expect you to have *experience* in everything, even for a simple thing like housework.

Somehow you are not especially reassured when the person you are talking to says, "Well, we'll call you if anything comes in."

Before the picture gets too gloomy, we'll hasten to say that eventually you do get a job in a private home, doing housework in exchange for your room and board. You've never worked in anyone else's home before—in fact, you haven't done too much in your own, since your mother has let you off rather easily. It's hard to know just how the

woman of the house wants things done, and until you get on to things the work seems to take up an awful lot of your time. But eventually you get the hang of it, and you discover that housework, well done, is a real and interesting job, a job in which you can take pride. In the meantime you are trying to make a good start in your school work, because when you are a freshman in a new school a good start is important, and all in all, you have your hands pretty full.

At this point you will be asking yourself, "Why didn't I learn to do a few things at home?"

In other words, the time to learn is now. As you know that you will have to work either all or part of your way if you go to college, why not use the time between now and then in acquiring skill in some of the kinds of house work you may have a chance to do when you go away to school? You'll need to know these things, anyway, when you have a home of your own to care for.

This suggestion comes straight from Miss Marion E. Tormey, who knows what she is talking about for she is

director of the Student Employment Bureau at the University of Wisconsin and places students in hundreds of jobs every year.

Her office is a busy place since sixty per cent of the students at Wisconsin are to some degree self-supporting. I went to see Miss Tormey early in the morning, thinking she would be least busy at that time, but even at that hour the outer office of the bureau was beginning to fill up with students coming in to see if any jobs were available that day.

Miss Tormey feels so strongly about the value of advance preparation on the part of students who



THERE ARE SEVERAL POSSIBILITIES OPEN TO YOU—HOUSEWORK, STENOGRAPHY, SELLING, AND WAITING ON TABLE. GET ALL THE TRAINING POSSIBLE IN THESE FIELDS AT HOME BEFORE YOU START TO COLLEGE

intend to work their way that she has incorporated it in the information sheets her office sends out in response to those who write in to the bureau asking about their chances for self-help.

"I think it would be well to point out right at the beginning," said this cheerful, friendly young woman who deals with close to four thousand individual applications for work each year, "that conditions at each college are different, depending on the section of the country and the size of the town in which the college is situated.

"A large city would offer more varied opportunities, of course, than a small town. Madison is between the two, having a population of about sixty thousand, and it has the advantage of being the State capital. Generally speaking, however, I imagine that working conditions for students here would be about the same as at any large college or university in the Middle West."

I asked about the amount of money a student should have when she comes to the university.

"We always advise new students to have two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars available for use during the first semester," she answered, "exclusive of fees, clothing, and travel expenses. It usually takes a semester to make adjustments and often

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Illustrated by CORINNE MALVERN

longer to find steady employment, and this financial reserve furnishes a margin of safety."

"What kinds of jobs are most plentiful?" I asked.

"For girls, the most numerous openings are room and board jobs in private homes," Miss Tormey said. "These usually involve dusting, sweeping, light cleaning, ironing, mending, preparation of meals, serving, dish-washing, and care of children."

"A girl who is experienced in housework will have no trouble, and of course the quicker and more skillful she is, the more time she will have to herself. When a girl is slow and unaccustomed to this type of work, it may be necessary for her to take a reduced schedule of courses in order to keep up. And naturally an inexperienced girl has to go through a period of adjustment which is sometimes hard both on her and the woman of the house."

SO ASK yourself a few questions at this point. Do you know how to iron properly? Wash dishes? (There is a right and a wrong way, and some housekeepers are very particular about the fine points.) Can you do simple mending? Do you know how to serve a meal correctly? Have you ever taken care of small children? How's your cooking?

If you like to cook, you would do well to become as proficient as you possibly can, because cooking offers special opportunities.

"We never have enough good cooks," Miss Tormey declared. "We always have plenty of girls who can help by preparing the vegetables or making simple dishes, but not girls who can step right in and take on the responsibility of preparing a whole meal for a family. Frequently, apart from the regular board and room jobs, we have calls for students just to come in to prepare one or two meals a day, or to get a meal for a special occasion, and of course a girl is wanted who can go ahead all by herself."

"As a way of earning one's board only, there are also what we call meal jobs, consisting of waiting on tables, washing dishes, or doing kitchen work in campus clubs, boarding houses, and restaurants, one hour of work for a meal. For this kind of work there are always many more applicants than jobs."

"What about clerking in stores?" I inquired.

"Jobs in stores are rather scarce, usually because the hours that a student has free do not fit in with the needs of store managers. Nevertheless, temporary clerking jobs are sometimes available for Saturday afternoons or during sales and

during the Christmas rush. That means, of course," she added, "for those who have experience."

There's that word "experience" again, rearing its persistent head. That's why it will pay you to try your hand at all the odd jobs that come your way, just so you will have that precious experience.

If your father or uncle has a store in which you can help on Saturdays, there is your chance to become adept at waiting on people, making change, and wrapping packages. Have you ever noticed that you can usually tell a green clerk by the way she wraps an article you have purchased? Even little things like that take practice.

"I suppose there are office jobs," I observed. "If a girl were good at typing and shorthand, it would be quite an asset, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," Miss Tormey answered heartily. "That is, if she knows *both* typing and shorthand and is really competent. She should be able to type at least forty words a minute, accurately and neatly. Forty words a minute is the minimum; fifty or sixty words is much better."

"The shorthand is important. Almost always the employer wants people who can take dictation and at a reasonable rate of speed—that is, from eighty-five to one hundred words a minute. And we find that in cases where a girl has stayed out a year or two after graduation from high school and worked in an office, she is much more efficient and satisfactory than those who have had no experience whatever."

(I was almost sure that experience was going to come in there somewhere.)

Miss Tormey paused and looked thoughtful. "It's not only that the mere fact of having a job has made them more capable," she observed. "In addition, there is something about holding down a job that develops self-discipline and a sense of responsibility."

"Sometimes employers complain to me that students don't take their jobs seriously—that if something comes up which they want to do, they feel that their work can wait and that they can do it some other time just as well. Perhaps they have worked at home for their fathers during summer vacations and were free, if a friend came along on a hot afternoon and said, 'Let's go swimming,' to drop everything and go. But when you have a real job, that simply doesn't work."

"And these are real jobs we are talking about," she added. "No one should expect, just because she is working her way through school, that people should be easier on her than they would be on anyone else. (Continued on page 36)



THE ROSE-SPRIGGED DRESS



By NEOLA TRACY LANE

IT WAS 1862 and as fine a September morning as Molly Blake had ever seen. She stood before the mirror in her aunt's home in the little settlement in Nebraska. The mirror was not clear, and Molly turned this way and that, the reflection of her face twisting out of shape with each movement. But at last she got her collar pinned to suit her with the big hand-painted brooch her mother had given her last Christmas, and tied her bonnet strings in a becoming bow.

"It's such a pretty dress," cried Alice, her small hands caressing the deep red, rose-sprigged gown her cousin wore.

Molly looked down at the small girl and smiled. "I think so, too. I'm going to be sorry when it's worn out, but it's getting thin in places now."

"I wish you weren't going home!" Alice's pigtails bobbed in her earnestness. "I wish you were going to stay all winter. I wish you'd teach me my lessons instead of the schoolmistress."

Molly patted the smooth head that came just under her

elbow. "I wish I could stay longer, too, but I mustn't. Mother said I must come home with Steve Arlin and his father—they promised to stop for me when they finished their business in the city. I saw their wagon pull up at the blacksmith shop not ten minutes ago. They'll be here any time now."

There was the creak of floor boards and Aunt Phoebe came bustling in. She was a large woman with a pleasant smile and snapping dark eyes.

"I wish you were going to stay, Molly," she said. "Alice has enjoyed you so much. With only one girl in a family of boys, it's pretty hard on the girl. But," she sighed and patted Alice's thin shoulder under the blue calico dress, "all nice things come to an end sooner or later, I guess. Perhaps you can come again soon. Do you suppose you could?"

"I'll try, but there's so much sewing to do before winter that we'll be very busy for a while."

"That's such a pretty dress you have on," said her aunt admiringly. "You didn't get the stuff here in the settlement,



MOLLY STOOD BEFORE THE WAVERY MIRROR ADJUSTING HER BONNET STRINGS

Molly's quick thinking in an emergency outwits a highwayman

Illustrated by DOROTHEA COOKE

and clambered up over the wheel and into the wagon.

Steve and his father had gone to the city, two weeks before, to make purchases not only for themselves but for the entire countryside. Inside the big covered wagon there were barrels of sorghum and flour, crates of chickens and bolts of calico, little pigs and bags of wheat seed, and many other things the neighbors had wanted.

"Good-by," called Alice, lifting her small freckled face, her eyes bravely bright with unshed tears.

"Good-by, Alice! Good-by, Aunt Phoebe!"

Steve turned the horses and they started back toward the main street of the settlement. The wind was strong and dust rose in clouds behind the wheels and swirled out across the fields. The toes of Steve's boots and the top of his hat were thick with the velvety powder.

"Did you have a good time visiting your aunt?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" Molly smoothed the folds of her full skirt until only the tips of her shoes showed against the footboard. "Did you enjoy your trip to the city?"

He nodded. "I liked it. I always like spending money, even if it's not my own." He waved a hand toward the interior of the wagon. "Look!"

Molly turned and looked into the dim interior of the wagon. The sides and bottom were

heaped with barrels and boxes and bags. On top of all were crates housing white chickens. They cackled and squawked occasionally, blinking their beady eyes at her.

"Pink calico for the Saunderses, pigs for the Chases, flour for the Cartwrights. Everything you can name from A to Z."

"Where are we to pick up your father?" asked Molly.

"Pa? Oh, he didn't come back with me. Tim Edwards was going to look at some cattle, and Pa wanted to see them, too. He's going back with Tim."

"So you're going to have even more cattle?"

"I suppose so. You know Pa. The only things he really cares about are his cattle and his singing."

A piece of paper scurried along before the breeze and the left horse shied. "Whoa, you Tom! Whoa, now!" Steve pulled hard on the lines and the horses settled again to a steady gait. "Guess the old fellow thinks he's young again."

"There's Mr. Craddock," said Molly.

"And his telescope," grinned Steve.

As they passed they both waved to the old man, who was quite deaf and spent his time searching the prairies and the skies with his telescope, an occupation which seemed to amuse him endlessly.

"And here comes Mr. Pulverly," added Molly. "He's signaling you to stop, Steve."

Steve took his glance from old man Craddock. Jim Pulverly, who ran the general store and the post office, came waddling toward the wagon through the dust, waving his fat arms. Steve pulled the horses to a standstill in front of the store, and Jim, panting, leaned against the wheel. "Got room for a little box of stuff?" he asked.

did you?" She bent to finger the soft red material with its pale rosebuds.

"No. Aunt Abbie, on Father's side, sent it from Philadelphia. I've almost grown out of the dress—it's pretty old."

"Well, when you can't use it any more will you let me have it to cut down for Alice? She'd look right well in that color."

"Of course. I'll be glad to."

The sharp crunching of wheels in ruts, the *clip-clop* of horses' hoofs caused Molly to turn her head quickly from the mirror.

"There's the wagon now," chirped Alice, scuttling to the door and waving shyly.

Molly gathered up her bonnet and bag, and gave Aunt Phoebe's round, firm cheek a fleeting kiss. "It was so nice to be here, so very nice. You must let Alice come and visit us. She won't be a bit of bother, and we'd love to have her."

Alice squirmed delightedly at Molly's quick squeeze and hippety-hopped out to the wagon. Steve was hunched on the seat, with the lines in his hands. He shouted, "Whoa—whoa now!" and the big bay team stopped, dropped their heads, and rested. "Ready?" he called to Molly as he leaped down from the seat and reached for her carpetbag.

From the wagon came the lively squawking of chickens, the grunting of pigs.

"From the sound, you must have everything you can name in there," laughed Molly.

"That and more, too," answered Steve as he swung the carpetbag to the footboard. He climbed up beside the bag and reached a hand to Molly. She put her foot on the hub

"Why, sure. Where does it go?" Steve questioned. "Up to Wilsons'. You'll be goin' through their land, so it won't be out of your way."

"Yes. I have some other things for them, too. Want me to help you? Or is the box little?"

"Oh, no, it ain't big, though it's kinda heavy." He lumbered back into the store.

Molly watched as Mr. Pulverly brought out the box. It was so small she thought it looked more like a box of lamp wicks than anything else, as Pulverly shoved it under the wagon seat.

"Thanks, Steve. Wait a moment, will you? I'll be right back." He waddled into the store, wiping his perspiring forehead. When he came back he had a paper sack in his hand. "Something for the young lady," he said. "You're old man Blake's girl, aren't you?" And as Molly nodded, "I thought so. You're the spittin' image of your pa. And that there dress," he pointed a stubby forefinger at Molly's rose-sprigged frock. "You didn't get the goods around here, did you?"

"My aunt in Philadelphia sent me the material several years ago."

"Mighty pretty stuff. Mighty pretty. I always get the prettiest goods I can, but I never see anything like that."

Molly opened the paper bag and found it half filled with pink-and-white peppermints. "Oh, thanks, Mr. Pulverly. Thanks so much."

"You're right welcome. Give your pa my best regards. You, too, Steve. And don't forget to deliver that box first thing, will you?"

"I won't forget," promised Steve, and clucked to the horses. The wagon creaked forward through the dust.

Jim stood on the worn porch before the store, shading his eyes from the morning sun with a fat hand. "Don't forget," he bawled again. "Don't forget now!"

"He seems awfully anxious about that box. You'd think it was full of gold," giggled Molly. She offered the peppermints to Steve.

But Steve's attention was on something more important than peppermints. "Gold," he muttered. "Say!" Molly tucked a peppermint into her mouth. "You don't actually mean—" she began.

Steve slapped the lines across the horses' backs. "Pulverly hadn't any business doing that," he said indignantly. "Sure, it's gold." He was talking more to himself than to her. "I remember now he said something to Pa about some gold being brought in, around the time we'd be on the way home, that had to go up to the Wilson outfit. Old Man Wilson's pay roll, more than likely. But he should have given it to Pa, not to me."

"Shall we take it back to the store?" asked Molly.

"Oh, I suppose we'll get through with it all right," he told her, "but it was a mean trick. There are plenty of renegades prowling around these days—they wouldn't stop at murder, if there was anything to be gained by it. I suppose Jim Pulverly figured nobody would think he'd trust so much gold to a boy like me, and that it would be safer that way." Again he slapped the lines over the horses' backs.

"The box is hidden behind my skirts," Molly reminded, "and it looks like a box of lamp wicks. There didn't seem to be anybody around when Mr. Pulverly put it into the wagon—nobody but old man Craddock. Here, have a peppermint and forget about it."

Steve took a peppermint, but it was plain he did not forget. His narrowed eyes searched the wide prairies for some sign of a possible highwayman. But the only person in sight was a horse and rider going in the same direction, way up ahead



MOLLY AND STEVE STARTED FOR HOME, THEIR WAGON LADEN WITH CRATES OF CHICKENS AND OTHER SUPPLIES BOUGHT FOR THEIR NEIGHBORS ON THE PRAIRIE

of them. "Get my rifle out, Molly, and lay it across my knees, will you?" he said uneasily.

Molly knelt on the seat, reached into the wagon, and brought out the rifle. She laid it across Steve's knees. A growing resentment at Jim Pulverly for putting this responsibility on Steve took possession of her.

As they left the town behind, she, too, searched the surrounding prairies with sharp eyes. But there was no movement anywhere except the slinking of a coyote over a near-by hill. Wind hummed through the grasses. Now that the horses had settled to a slow, steady walk the chickens had stopped squawking. The back of the wagon cover was rolled up, and through it Molly could see the town receding behind a billowing cloud of dust.

A half mile slipped by. A mile. The rider was now out of sight behind a hill to the left. Molly asked Steve questions about his trip and he began to relax as he told her of their experiences. All about them lay the prairies, warming in the sun, singing in the wind. A jack rabbit leaped down the slope. Several prairie chickens scuttled to cover, and a hawk sailed around and around overhead.

Suddenly, from an arroyo to the right, a horseman came riding up. Steve clutched the barrel of his gun, and Molly felt a chill of apprehension sweep over her as she realized the man was a stranger.

"Howdy," the rider greeted as he rode up beside the wagon. "Hello!" Steve's voice wavered a little, as he shifted his finger to the trigger.

(Continued on page 36)



Magician in the Garden

By ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG

He made the rain come where for many weeks
No cloud had set its silver on the sky.
With nothing more to conjure with than hose
And thumb pressed tight against a nozzle mouth,
He shattered stars upon a windowpane
And hung the grass with scores of little moons;
The spider's nets he filled with sudden gold,
Then stayed awhile to watch her draw them in;
He planted seeds of rainbow in the hedge,
And scattered grains of luster carelessly;
Then, with his guileless serpent on his arm,
He disappeared, this denimed sorcerer
Whose autumn magic makes the sparrows run
Like eager children down my garden walk.

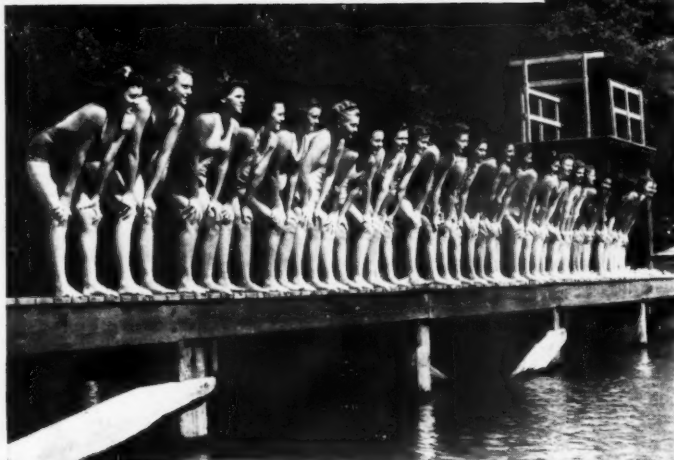
DECORATION by DITZY BAKER



DITZY
Baker



A PORTLAND, OREGON SCOUT FINDS MAKING WOODEN SHOES A FASCINATING OCCUPATION. FIRST SHE CARVED THE SHOE SHAPE FROM WOOD AND HERE SHE IS PAINTING IT BEFORE SHE ATTACHES LEATHER THONGS



Photograph by Harold Davis

NO, YOU'RE WRONG! THESE AREN'T THE ROCKETTES ON SUMMER VACATION FROM THE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL. THEY ARE KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE MARINERS JUST ABOUT TO PLUNGE IN FOR A SWIM



A-HIKING SHE WILL GO! WITH HER PACK ON HER BACK AND A STURDY WALKING STICK IN HER HAND, THIS CAMPER FROM BELLE FOURCHE, SOUTH DAKOTA, BEGINS A CROSS-COUNTRY TRAMP

"These other
we don't
do at camp at

THEIR PLACE IN THE T
CAMP FOR GIRL SCOUTS MAT



the things
at camp
at camp -"

IN THE TWO SENTINELS
GIRL SCOUTS MATEO, CALIFORNIA



HUNTERS AT THE GIRL SCOUT DAY CAMP, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI. NO LIONS OR TIGERS FOR THEM! A FRESHWATER-LIFE SPECIMEN OR TWO WILL MAKE THE HUNT A GREAT SUCCESS



A CARE FREE AFTERNOON AT CAMP REDWING WHERE PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA GIRL SCOUTS SPEND HAPPY SUMMER HOURS BOATING ON A LAKE



LEFT: A COOL SPOT FOR SKETCHING BESIDE A LAKE AT THE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, GIRL SCOUT CAMP. RIGHT: IT'S FUN TO COMBINE WADING WITH SCRUBBING A BRACELET MADE AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS UNIT OF THE ROANOKE, VIRGINIA, CAMP



GOOD FOOD *for* FALL



FALL fun! To many girls, this means continuing the outdoor fun they have been enjoying all summer. After school there will be Indian summer evenings that invite groups to have supper picnics; there may be a harvest moon to light the way for a campfire on the edge of a river or lake; crisp air will beckon to trampers, bicyclers, or horseback riders to come out a-roving; there will be long week-ends for days or nights at camp.

Outdoor fun usually includes good food and plenty of it, and autumn fun outdoors means bigger appetites than ever, for cool air and exercise act like a tonic. Then it's fun to be near an open fire where cooking may be done. Everywhere families, school clubs, social groups, and Girl Scout troops will soon be getting into action for fall and winter activities—and picnics, hikes, and cook-outs will surely be part of their planning.

If you have been camping or picnicking this summer, you may be wanting some new ideas for things to eat; or if you have been trying your hand at outdoor cooking, you may be wishing for some new culinary tricks, as you demonstrate your skill to your friends. Outdoor people are always looking for new things to cook and new ways of cooking old favorites, so *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is bringing you some good recipes for outdoor cooking.

YOU might try doing something really expert with your old friend, the lowly frankfurter. Anyone ought to be able to toast a frankfurter on the end of a stick more or less successfully, though it is a sure sign of a tenderfoot to burn it to a crisp on the outside and leave it raw on the inside. Learn to cook a frankfurter really well—and that means it must be thoroughly cooked—and then try these recipes:

FRANKFURTER QUAILS

Ingredients (for each person):

- 1 frankfurter
- A long, thin piece of American cheese
- 1 strip of bacon
- 1 roll, buttered if desired

The utensils you'll need are a green forked stick and some pegs whittled from twigs. Split the frankfurter lengthwise, insert the cheese, then wind the bacon around the outside, fastening with pegs at each end. Pin on both points of a forked stick and toast over glowing coals, turning until bacon is brown and crisp. Pop into a roll and eat right away. Add mustard or catsup if desired.

DOGS IN BLANKETS

Ingredients (for each person):

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup prepared biscuit flour, or
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon shortening
- Pinch of salt
- About $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk or water
- A little extra flour for hands
- 2 frankfurters

This recipe calls for baking your own rolls

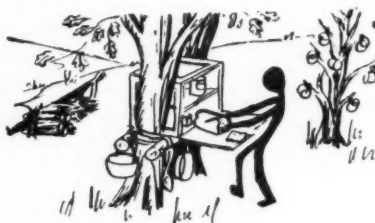


COOK-OUTS

by CATHERINE T. HAMMETT

National Staff, Girl Scouts, Inc.

right on the frankfurter. The utensils you'll need are a green stick, pointed and peeled on one end, and a paper bag in which to mix the dough. Mix the dry ingredients in the paper bag, add shortening and work in well with the fingers; or take prepared flour in bag. Add water slowly, mixing with fingers until a stiff dough is formed. Handle as little as possible, to keep dough from getting tough. When dough is stiff enough to hold together, lay aside while you put the frankfurter on the end of the stick, being sure it is pushed well down on the end, and cook it slowly over the coals until it is well browned. Then put some flour on your hands, and spread half the dough on the outside of the frankfurter, pressing gently in place all around it. Pinch dough together over the ends of the frankfurter and at the joining place, so there is no air space. Then bake slowly over the coals, holding away from the fire at first so the inside will cook, and then holding close so the outside bakes a golden brown. (Watch out for browning too quickly, or the inside will not be cooked.) Slip off end of stick and eat "as is." Use the other half of the dough in the same way.



GLORIFYING the hamburger seems to be the thing to do in many places these days, so why not try it the next time you picnic? When you buy the meat, select top or bottom round of beef, and have the butcher grind it fresh for you. Unless you have ground steak that is all beef, be sure that the hamburger is thoroughly cooked. Sometimes hamburger meat has pork added to it, and that must be very well cooked. Never eat pink pork, it's dangerous.

PIONEER DRUMSTICKS

Ingredients (for 8 people):

- 2 lbs. chopped beef
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup cornflakes, crumbled fine
- Salt, pepper, onion salt (or chopped onion if desired)
- Rolls or bread

Your utensils are green sticks (about as thick as your thumb on one end) which should be peeled for about three inches. Mix beef, seasonings, and eggs together and add cornflakes that have been crumbled very fine.



(Or wait and put the cornflakes on the outside.) Divide into sixteen portions, wrap a portion around the peeled end of a stick which has been heated, squeezing meat into place evenly and making a long and thin roll, not shaped like a ball. (Be sure there are no air holes in it; watch out for big pieces of cornflakes; and if you put in chopped onion, be sure the onion is in very tiny pieces.) Roll the meat mixture in crumbled cornflakes if you have not put them into it already.

Cook the drumsticks slowly over the coals, turning frequently so all sides are well cooked and well browned. Twist slightly to take off the stick, put into a roll, and eat. (If the beef is not very fat, it may be cooked without the eggs. Better use eggs the first time you try it, though!)

CHEESEBURGERS

Ingredients (for each person):

- $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. ground beef
- 2 slices American cheese
- Seasoning
- 2 rolls

Your utensils are a grill, or frying pan, or tin-can stove. Season meat and divide into two portions. Mold into flat cakes and split the cakes through the middle. Insert a piece of cheese, and press edges of meat together. Then cook on a grill over coals, or in a frying pan, or on a tin-can stove. If you like the cheeseburger well done, cook the inside of the cake first, then put in the cheese, press edges together, and cook the two outsides. Put into a roll and eat right away.

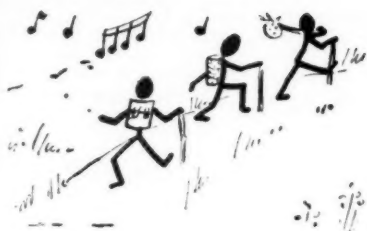
SPEAKING of cheese, here is a recipe that almost everybody enjoys:

CHEESE AND BACON ROLLS

Ingredients (for each person):

- 2 or 3 rolls
- 2 or 3 strips bacon
- Cheese spread

Your utensils are toasting sticks. Split a roll and toast inside. Spread with cheese while roll is hot. Have ready a strip of bacon toasted on a green stick. When crisp and brown, pop inside the roll and eat right away.



DO you know about one-pot meals? They are fun. The idea is to cook the main part of the meal in one pot.

SAVORY BEANS

Ingredients (for 8 people):

- 6 frankfurters, cut small
- 2 cups cooked or canned corn
- 4 cups baked beans
- 1 medium size onion (peeled and chopped fine)
- Fat for frying
- Salt and pepper
- Catsup, if desired

Your utensils are a kettle, spoon, and jackknife. Over a small fire, fry onion in fat until brown, add cut-up frankfurters, and brown. Pour off excess fat. Add corn and beans, with a little water if needed, and heat well. Add seasoning to taste. Serve hot.

PEA SOUP AND FRANKFURTERS

This is a fine combination for cool days. Use canned soup, heat as directed, and add cooked frankfurters cut in small pieces.

CHILE CON CARNE

Ingredients (for 8 people):

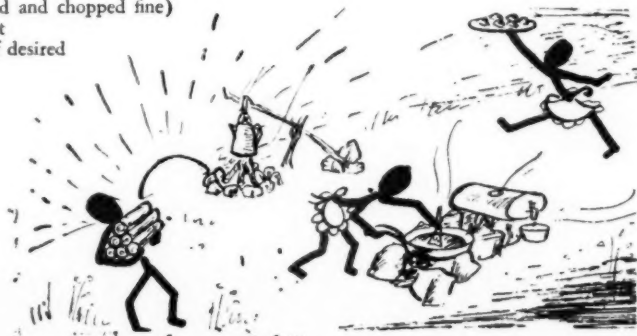
- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- 2-3 cans red kidney beans
- 1 small can tomatoes
- 1 medium size onion (peeled and chopped fine)
- A little fat
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons chile powder (if desired)
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce (if desired)

Your utensils are a kettle or frying pan, spoon, and a jackknife. Fry onion in fat until brown; add meat and cook over a small fire until done. Add tomatoes and beans and let all simmer as long as possible—the longer the better. Add seasoning and serve hot.

SCRAMBLED POTATOES

Ingredients (for 8 people):

- 8 cold potatoes, diced
- 8 eggs
- 2 small onions (peeled and chopped fine)
- Bacon fat
- Catsup if desired



Here are some of the many good things you can cook out of doors that are easy to prepare and do not require any elaborate equipment

Drawings by Zelda Atkins from "Campcraft ABC's" by Catherine T. Hammett, published by Girl Scouts, Inc.



Your utensils are a frying pan, a jackknife, and a spoon. Fry onions with bacon fat until light brown, then add potatoes and fry until brown and crisp. Break eggs into mixture separately, stirring each in well. Cook until eggs are set. Season and serve hot.

TO top off a picnic meal, try this new kind of dessert:

LOTSMORES

- Marshmallows
- Small square of chocolate from a flat five-cent bar

Your utensils are green sticks, split on end. Split marshmallows. Insert a square of chocolate between the halves of each marshmallow and place between the ends of a split stick. Toast lightly over coals. The chocolate will be melted when the marshmallows are brown. (An expert doesn't burn a marshmallow!)

POPCORN BALLS

- 2 quarts popped corn
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter

Your utensils are a small kettle—and if you haven't already popped the corn, you will need a corn popper for this purpose. (Pick popcorn over carefully, so only good kernels are used.) Cook all other ingredients together over coals until a little, dropped in cold water, is brittle. Pour mixture slowly over the popped corn, stirring constantly. When all

kernels are covered, form quickly into balls and allow to cool.

CHOCOLATE DROPS

Ingredients (for 8 people):

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup cocoa
- ½ cup milk
- 2-3 marshmallows apiece
- Drop of peppermint

Your utensils are a small kettle, a spoon, small sticks, pieces of waxed paper three inches square, and a cup of water. Cook sugar, milk, and cocoa together, stirring enough to keep from sticking. When cooked enough to form a soft ball in a cup of water, remove from fire. Place marshmallows on sticks (or forks) and dip into cooked mixture, turning until well covered. Twist in air, catching drips on waxed paper, until the outside coating is cool; then eat. The second round should be stiffer than the first, and should make a good coating of fudge on the marshmallow. Make a caramel fudge for variation.

WHEN you are planning for cook-outs, remember that the fire is very important. When you are going to cook directly over the fire, wait until there are coals; if you cook when the fire is flaming, it will smoke the food instead of toasting it. When you are using a frying pan or kettle, use a small flame. If you make a fireplace, make it fit your kettle. And always remember that good outdoor people are conservers of the woods. They cut green sticks from thickets where they cannot be missed, and they take extra care with fires; they build small ones in fireplaces, and do not leave them until they are completely out.

If you wish other recipes for cooking out of doors and advice on handling food supplies efficiently—write to The Evaporated Milk Assoc. 307 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois for a FREE COPY of a helpful and interesting booklet called "The Girl Scout Plans and Prepares Meals Using Evaporated Milk".

Just off the Press

COMPLETE

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SKY RABBITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

instead," suggested Kate. "Here, I'll take that frying pan," she added to her sister, "before the eggs turn into a sheet of lead. You sure don't get your cooking from Mom, Ruthie."

Ruth staggered out of the pungent haze of smoke and rubbed her eyes. She was evidently so used to her sister's candor that she resented it no more than a fly. Kate dished a spoonful of steaming yellow eggs on half of each bun and laid curls of bacon on top. "There!"

By the time breakfast was over, the first fresh mystery of early morning had evaporated, leaving a precipitation of lazy, warm content. Kate lay on her back, breathing deep of the pine-and-sun-rich air, listening to the hum of the bees and watching the swoop of a jay.

"I could lie here all day," she said dreamily. "But we set out to climb Sky Rock and we've got to do it. Hide the frying pan behind a rock, Little Matt, and we'll start."

The rock was like a fortress, its base protected by entanglements of scrub oak, nearly as tough and repellent as barbed wire.

"Don't it look impossible to climb?" Little Matt inquired solemnly.

"It would be, if it weren't for the trail," said Ruth.

"It would not," contradicted Kate. "Somebody had to make the trail in the first place, didn't they? Nothing's impossible unless you think so. You go first, Ruthie. Only remember there's an elephant and an awkward colt following you, and don't leave us clear behind."

Ruth plunged into the scrub oak and began her sure-footed ascent.

"Watch out for this place, Kate," Little Matt advised as they came to a crevice that split the rock to the ground.

Kate chuckled breathlessly and gave him a boost. "Man of the party, aren't you, Little Matt?" she inquired, and then held her breath as the boy took a too-long jump from one crag to another, catching hold of the silky, twisted trunk of a gray old cedar.

"Here's a good place to rest," said Ruth as they hauled themselves up on a ledge wide enough to shelter a stubborn wad of turf, a dwarf pine, and a bird bath, dry now, but after rain a cup of water in the rock.

They sank down and let the delicious breeze cool their damp faces and flood their aching lungs.

"If you want a job so bad, I bet you could get one at Hendersons' Hamburger Place," said Ruth after a minute.

"That's one thing I will not do," Kate said fiercely. "Besides, I don't think Mom would let me. Or at least," she added after a moment's consideration of Mom's easy-going ways, "she ought not to. It's the worst place in town. Imagine what Aunt Elizabeth would think!"

Ruth looked at her sister curiously. "You're always talking about Aunt Elizabeth. But she doesn't act much interested in us, I must say. She hasn't been near us since Dad's funeral, and then she acted high and mighty as a queen, Mom says."

Kate chewed pine needles without comment, becoming uncommunicative again. She looked out over the beautiful sky, and over the mountains spread before her as many as the waves of the sea, all dappled with cloud shadows.

It was beautiful, but it was outside her, and inside was nothing but desolation. Yesterday

had taken all she had—school. And the letter that lay inside her shirt pocket had taken all she hoped for. She was facing squarely into a blank wall.

"Hey," Little Matt cried suddenly, "what's that noise? Is it a noise, or am I crazy?"

They all listened intently. There was a noise.

"Is it the wind?" asked Ruth doubtfully. Kate shook her head, her eyes alert. It was too rhythmic for the wind. Yet it was like the wind, sonorous and sad. "Is it the stream?" she asked.

They stared at one another. "Too loud," said Ruth. "It must be a voice."

With one accord they rose and began to climb again, Kate, in her eagerness, ahead. The voice came from above them, and it went on and on.

They climbed as fast as they could, and the voice grew increasingly strong. Kate pulled herself up the last stiff rise, leaped up on a rounded boulder, and was on the saucer-shaped top, which curved like a Greek theater. She looked down into the hollow—and froze in surprise.

A boy stood with his back to the hills, facing the curved rim of rock and the empty sky, and declaimed vigorously, though he was all alone. He was tall and thin; not thin and raw and bumpy, like Little Matt, but fine-cut and clean, like a statue. He had a shock of rather untidy black hair and frowning black brows, and he wore a dark-green sweater and well-fitting riding breeches and boots.

"Commencement!" he proclaimed. "You call it commencement, yet for thousands and thousands of us it is the end. The end of joy, of hope, of faith; the end of a life of being entertained, guided, encouraged. It is the end, but you have falsely promised us also a beginning. Rename your commencement, or give us something to hope for."

He stopped, staring high-headed into the distance. The silence seemed to Kate to ring with his intensity. Then he saw her.

They regarded each other for a second as if neither had ever seen the like of the other before. And indeed, neither had.

Kate, standing above the young orator, was like a goddess risen miraculously, her bright hair crested above her flushed face, her blue-overalled figure of heroic size against the sky. And he—there was a temper in his dark glance, a finish to his voice and to his clipped words, and a sureness about his whole figure that were quite different from anything Kate had known.

Then Ruth's smooth gold head and Little Matt's flaming one appeared over the edge, and the spell of the silence broke.

"How long have you been listening?" the boy demanded.

Kate gasped. "My goodness," she cried, "only about fifteen seconds. Besides, this rock isn't private, that I ever heard tell of."

The boy glared at her; then he seemed to laugh himself out of his irritation. "Of course not. I was just rather caught, that's all. Who are you, anyway, Brunhild?"

Kate stared coldly. "I don't know who that is," she answered distantly. "My name is Kate Brown, and these are my sister and brother, Ruth and Little Matt. Who are you?"

"I'm Joel Ronca. My people have taken the old Hillyer place. We have an Angora rabbit farm."

Kate tipped her head on one side and surveyed him. "Angora rabbits. I never heard of

"em. But don't tell me about them now, because I want to know what you were doing. I did hear for fifteen seconds—and I got right interested."

Joel hesitated. His face could change from bright to dark in a moment. "Well—" he glanced at her, then continued with an effect of going away and leaving her—"I finished prep this year, that's all. And all the time I'd looked forward to going to college—"

"Oh, so had I!" Kate broke in, almost with a sob.

"—to Harvard, where I could get the instruction I wanted, and study law. That's what I want, to be a lawyer, to be a statesman—a real statesman like those old geezers who signed the Declaration of Independence, who knew history and classical thought as well as law and economics and politics. And then—something happened, so I couldn't. As a matter of fact, Dad's advertising agency went under, and his health broke at the same time, so the doctor said he would have to have some outdoor occupation. Well, anyway, that's what it's all about. I was valedictorian, and I had to give a polite speech at Commencement. But this—what you heard—is what I'd like to have said. Just happens to be the way I see it."

"But you're wrong," cried Kate decidedly. "That is, you're right in a way, of course. Things are like that, I know. But the way you take it—you act like everything ought to come to us on a silver platter. It didn't to our folks—my folks, anyway. Mom and Dad never had anything. My granddad was an Indian scout hereabouts; my dad was swell, but never very strong, and the War laid him up for good. He died when I was only ten. So my mother has a pension. Aunt Elizabeth, Dad's sister, is the only one of us who's had any education, and she worked to get it, I can tell you. But she's done a lot with it. She's dean of women at Bethlehem College in Kansas. I guess that's generally the way, isn't it—if things come to you hard, you do more with them?"

Joel flung it all away with one wave of the hand. "Rugged individualism. *Laissez faire*. Don't improve conditions, because it's good for people to make their way against difficulties. Oh, I've heard plenty of that! Let them live in the slums. It develops character, all right, but what kind?"

Kate was silent for a moment, which was a moment longer than she usually held her peace in an argument. "I don't mean that at all," she said firmly at last. "Improve conditions where you are, and can. Don't put it all off on somebody else to do it for you."

Joel was just opening his mouth again when Little Matt, who had been wandering restlessly around the group and peering over the edge, called in an excited voice, "Say, what's that?"

They went to the edge to look down. At the base of the rock was a tumble of boulders that had cracked off the big rock and broken as they fell, forming a sort of cave. And something was moving out of the shadowy shelter. Sand-colored, like its background, it was hard to identify. It moved a few wobbly steps and sat down.

"It's a puppy," cried Joel.

"It's a coyote," contradicted Kate. "Poor little thing! I'll bet that's its mother those buzzards up there are after. It wouldn't be wandering out of the den like that, with us so near, if she were alive."

"Ain't it cute?" cried Little Matt. "Say, Kate, can't I have it? I want it for a pet."

(Continued on page 41)



"That new boy never noticed me!"

FIRST day of school. . . . A new boy, and smooth! But he never even noticed her. "What's always the matter with me?", ponders Beverly. Well—fact is, Beverly just hasn't any zoom, any come-on. Why should anybody notice her?

Beverly's mother says she doesn't eat properly. Maybe that explains why Beverly fails to rate. A girl needs food. Three good meals a day. *Beginning with breakfast.*

Now wait . . . who said you should eat like a farm hand at breakfast? Not at all. Just fill up a bowl with those crunchy flakes, Wheaties. (Definitely good! Light, crisp. A come-hither flavor.) Slice a peach on top. Add milk or cream. A breakfast with lots of what it takes! Important vitamins and

minerals, Wheaties being flakes of 100% whole wheat. Good proteins. Abundant food-energy . . . you need plenty of that if you're to sparkle.

You want to be in on the fun. Well . . . head for it! Start eating right. Start having Wheaties for breakfast.

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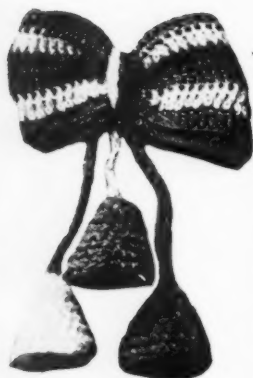
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Balance your Clothes

WITH A CROCHET



1010



The charming extras to a well-balanced wardrobe, which are so costly when you buy them ready-made, can be yours without putting a crimp in your budget if you know how to ply a crochet hook. Directions for making the fashions on this page are free on request. Make them for yourself and for your friends for Christmas.

1010—Wear Liberty Bells on your coat lapel and crochet them in red, white, and blue. You'll need a ball each of bright red, marine blue, and white; a No. 9 or 10 crochet hook, and a small safety pin for fastening. There will be plenty of thread left over for you to crochet liberty bells for your friends. Send for Instruction Leaflet 92.

*Designs by
Cecilia Vaneck*



1005

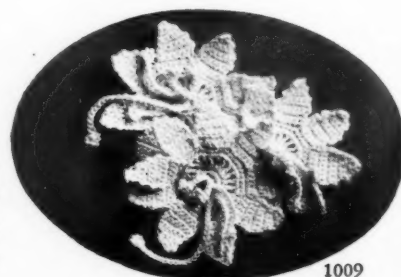
1005—An exquisite crocheted blouse with that individual look. You'll want to wear it with a black silk skirt for dress-up occasions. It has the smart V-shaped neckline, V-shaped pockets, and is finished with a wide waistband that can be worn either inside or outside your skirt. Requires 6 balls mercerized cotton, 7 buttons, crochet hook No. 5 or 6. Instruction Leaflet 89.



1007

1007—Wear this lace-edged bouquet of old-fashioned flowers at your throat and look fetching. Requires 1 ball each of two shaded colors, 1 all white. Crochet hook No. 10 or 11. Send for Leaflet 92.

1009—A flower clip to wear in your hair or on your dress. Requires one medium ball, size 20 white, crochet hook No. 11 or 12, a round piece of cardboard covered with white material to mount flowers on, safety pin or clip. Send for Leaflet 92.



1009

1004



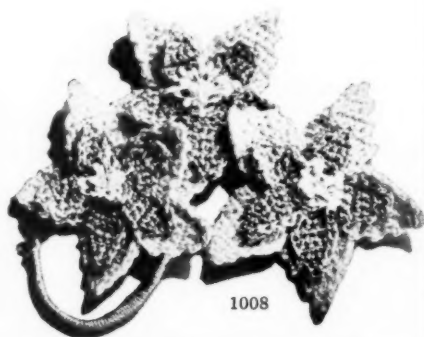
1004—A two-tone tam, ecru faced with shell pink, with a flowing tassel of the two colors. Requires 2 large balls ecru, 2 pink, or 5 medium balls of each. Send for Leaflet 90.

Budget HOOK



1011

1011—A necklace, earring, and bracelet set that will elicit paeans of praise on Christmas morning. Requires 2 balls one color, 1 ball contrasting color, 2 buttons, 2 button earrings, crochet hook No. 10 or 11. Leaflet 92 will tell you how to make them. 1008—Hair ornament or boutonniere. Requires 1 medium ball each of any two colors, wire for stems, 1 bunch Pep Centers, and crochet hook No. 8 or 9. Send for Leaflet 92.



1008

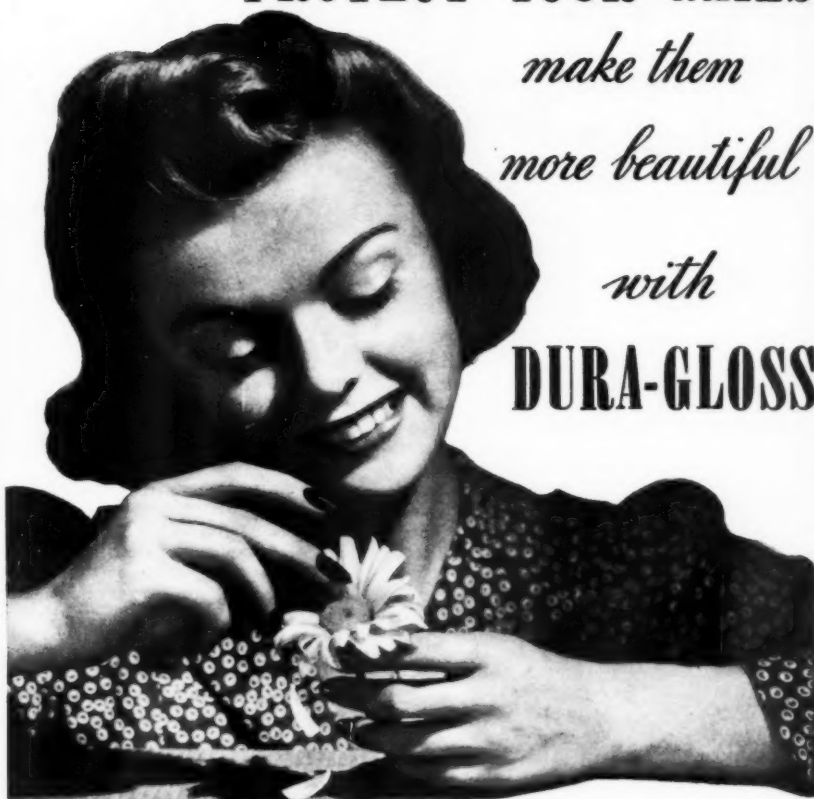
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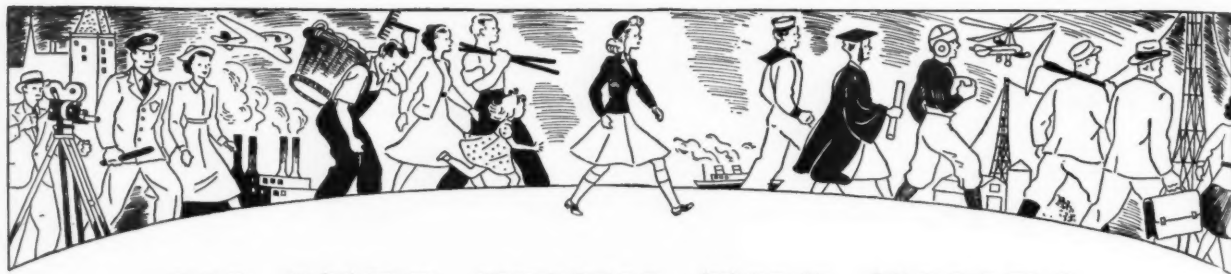
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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

TROUBLE CENTER

"Watch Dakar!" That's the advice you may hear from students of the grim game of war and diplomacy now being played across most of the world. Dakar, capital of French West Africa, is a vitally strategic seaport on the Dark Continent's western bulge. It is still loyal to the Vichy government of France, though the British, backing up General Charles de Gaulle, leader of the Free French, made an unsuccessful attempt about a year ago to force it to change sides.

French West Africa's loyalty to the Vichy administration—a régime seemingly domi-



nated by the Nazis—is making many American and British eyes turn anxiously toward Dakar. The seaport is a key to South America—it is only eighteen hundred and sixty miles away from Brazil. Further, it commands the South Atlantic. If the Nazis should gain full control of it they could cut Britain's maritime "life line" to the Union of South Africa, as well as to India and the Far East.

Dakar is the jumping-off and landing place for air-borne traffic between French West Africa and Brazil. Planes fly this route on regular schedule. The company they belong to is French owned, but Italians maintain the service now. If complete dominance of Dakar should pass to the Axis, this service across the South Atlantic would link up neatly with some twenty-two thousand miles of Nazi- and Italian-controlled air lines in South America. Partly to forestall this, the United States is making loans to various South American countries to help them buy out certain German air lines.

Marshal Henri Pétain, master of France's destinies, has not at this writing actually surrendered Dakar to Nazi Germany. But German interest in the seaport, it is said, has been rising and is now even greater than in Gibraltar. A combined naval and air attack—or even an aerial assault alone—might result in putting Dakar under the swastika.

Capture of the seaport would bring Hitler's forces a splendid, fortified harbor and three airports near by. It would bring them a city of some eighty-six thousand Senegalese natives—the sketch shows one of these—and about sixty-five hundred French and other Europeans. Also, it would give them, rather

surprisingly, a city whose chief export in normal times is peanuts. Dakar is sometimes called "the peanut capital."

Peanut vending seems a quaint occupation for a city whose main future export may well be Trouble with a big "T."

DROWNED CANYON

The sea is full of mysteries never even guessed at by summer visitors sporting on its beaches. For example, here is a startling fact. High as are the earth's mountains, even the highest of them is thousands of feet short of reaching upward into the air as far as the sea's canyons thrust downward toward the bowels of the earth.

Fifty-six years ago it was not even suspected that a canyon as impressive as the Grand Canyon in Arizona was hidden under sea waters only one hundred and thirty miles from New York City. It was discovered in 1885 by Captain Lindenkohl of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, near the end of the well-known submarine channel of the Hudson River.

It was called the Hudson Canyon since it was believed to be the work of the Hudson River, but just how the river accomplished this vast digging job geologists are at a loss to explain. It has been suggested that, during the last glacial advance, the land where the Hudson Canyon now lies was higher and could therefore be bored into. But this would mean that the earth must have been so very much higher that conservative scientists are apt to shake their heads and admit, "We just don't know."

Naturally, this Hudson Submarine Canyon is one of the earth's wonders which no man has ever seen, or ever will see, so far as we know. But the past ten years so many deep-



sea soundings have been made that recently it has been accurately mapped.

It is interesting to speculate about this canyon, with its rim five hundred feet below sea level and its deepest point over a mile below. Do fishes live down there—creatures that would burst from lack of pressure if brought up? And do they, like certain known deep-sea fishes, generate phosphorescence on the tips of their feelers—dim little lanterns to help them find their prey?

OUR MOTOR BOAT ARMADA

The United States Coast Guard has had a get-it-done-fast-and-well tradition ever since it was organized twenty-six years ago. Among the dozens of tasks it has been doing with smooth and valiant efficiency have been rescues at sea, the sinking of wrecks dangerous to navigation, the maintenance of a patrol to watch for perilous icebergs.

Its commandant, Rear Admiral Russell R. Waesche, has made a habit of hunting for trouble, just so the Coast Guard could knock trouble on the head. One of the troubles which challenged him was the discouraging number of accidents happening to a large percentage of the motor boats, yachts, and other



pleasure craft which swarm along our sea-coasts by the hundreds of thousands.

To meet this challenge Rear Admiral Waesche organized numerous small-boat owners into a Coast Guard Reserve. Its aim was safety at sea. Its members were pledged to help fellow boatmen in trouble, to do all they could to end navigation risks. After about four thousand boat owners passed the examination devised to eliminate the less skillful, the new Coast Guard Reserve began to give the regular Coast Guard effective assistance.

Some time after World War II began to run its tortuous course, Rear Admiral Waesche had another idea—perhaps with memories of Dunkerque in mind. Why not militarize and commission the members of the Coast Guard Reserve? If this were done, the men who sailed their boats for health and pleasure could begin now to get ready for emergency service.

Congress has authorized the step. So we now have a strange armada, a "putt-putt navy." Patrol work will be its chief duty. It will prevent sabotage by foes of our defense effort. It will keep an eye on suspicious ships, report their activities. Thus it will relieve many regular Coast Guardsmen of these duties, release them for the combatant service they may have to perform if this country goes into a "shooting war."

The Coast Guard's emblem contains the promise *Semper Paratus*—Always Ready. The organizing of the putt-putt navy is one of many proofs that the Coast Guard is living up to that promise.

TWIN TREASURES

Have you ever wondered where, in the small feathered body of the homing pigeon, its gift for homeward flying is centered? If you have, and couldn't find the answer, scientists have been with you. They didn't know either—not until recently. But Dr. Walter R. Miles of Yale University has come forward with a theory based on a discovery. His theory is that homing pigeons, along with all migratory birds, derive their special gift from the fact—and here lies the discovery—that every eye possesses within itself something like a tiny dynamo. Eyes, it seems, are electrical organs and so, in degrees varying with the species and the individual, can "take hold of space."

Dr. Miles offers as one proof of this the observation that homing pigeons grow confused and sometimes lose their way when flying near powerful radio stations which neutralize the normal electrical charges emanating from the earth—charges to which the pigeons' eyes are hypersensitive.

With amplifiers, Dr. Miles has been able actually to measure the electrical charge in the human eye. He tells us that it is minute and remains practically the same whether one is in darkness or in light.

Dr. George Wald of Harvard University has been studying not only human eyes but the eyes of chickens. The chicken eye is provided with color filters, so he says. These work very much as do the filters in cameras used in color photography. Chickens, it seems, are particularly sensitive—just as human beings are—to the color yellow when the light is bright, and to blue-green when the light is dim.

As for the human eye, Dr. Wald says the retina is covered with nerve endings of two sorts: those called "cones" because of their shape, and those called "rods" because they are rodlike. It seems that our daytime vision brings into action the seven million cones each of our eyes possesses, and that if we see well at night our one hundred and thirty million rods per eye are in fine working condition. But to keep them working well—which means keeping our eyes in a state of vigor—we must make sure that we have plenty of Vitamin A in our diets.

This vitamin is far from rare. It's in halibut-liver oil, cod-liver oil, egg yolk, animal fat, butter, cheese, yellow corn, squash, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, leafy vegetables, and last but not least, carrots.

Trucking companies are beginning to give



their drivers carrots to munch on. Many flyers are "carrot fans." And they should be. Only one out of five men currently applying for Aviation Corps work is accepted. The rejections are chiefly on the score of eyesight—which, for Uncle Sam's airmen, must be practically perfect.

Shakespeare called eyes "the precious treasure." So eat right, read right—neither in a glare nor in dimness, not on your back, not on your stomach, and not in jolting vehicles. Guard your treasure.

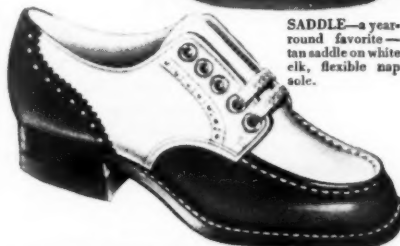


Three little maids
from school are we

and we study Style as well as Bot-any
for we will be Smart both ways, you see
which is how young girls should always be
if they want to get along well social-ly
from Freshman to Sen-ior-ity
(and they know shoes count especially!)



SADDLE—a year-round favorite—tan saddle on white elk, flexible nap sole.



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"Little maids" from school and college find they can keep their feet both smart and happy in Official Girl Scout Shoes. You'll like their light, flexible construction, their casual "best quality" look. And these smart low-heeleders fit so perfectly you'll want to wear them 75% of the time. Sold from coast to coast. Sizes 2½ to 10; AAAA to D; \$5.45 and \$5.95. (Some patterns in sizes 10½ to 12 at \$6.95.) Official Girl Scout Shoes are made only by BROWN SHOE COMPANY, St. Louis, and CURTIS-STEPHENS-EMBURY Co., Reading, Pa.

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YOU NEED NOT BE A SCOUT TO ENJOY THESE SHOES

HELPING YOURSELF THROUGH COLLEGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

When you are being paid wages, you should expect to earn them."

Were there any off-the-beaten-track ways in which students earned money, I wanted to know.

"Oh, yes, students have capitalized on a lot of different abilities. Sometimes girls who are clever at that sort of thing specialize in helping people plan parties, or in serving at them. Those with talent sometimes earn extra money as musicians or entertainers at parties. If a student is thoroughly familiar with a foreign language, she can sometimes secure an occasional translating or tutoring job.

"Two or three times we have had girls start a shopping service, or odd-job service. They might work very well in some places, but somehow they have not been very successful here, probably because Madison isn't a large city."

"Is it possible to make arrangements for jobs before arrival?" I asked.

"Practically never—at least not through our bureau, because the first thing we require is a personal interview. Usually employers want help on very short notice, so we can't plan ahead. And of course an employer wants a personal interview, too. So except in rare cases, it is not feasible for the prospective student to make arrangements in advance by correspondence.

"Oh, and here's something I wish you would tell the girls," Miss Tormey exclaimed. "Tell them that if their parents are with them when they go to interview a prospective employer, not to let the parents do all the talking. No matter how much the parents want to help, there is nothing that creates such a poor impression on an employer, because he immediately feels that the student cannot stand on her own feet."

"That certainly is a good point to know," I agreed. About this time I glanced into the outer office and felt a little guilty when I saw the line of students waiting patiently to see Miss Tormey. I didn't want to take up

too much of her time, but I did want to gather up every crumb of information I could. So I asked one more question.

"Miss Tormey, in the light of your experience in helping students," I said, "if *you* were a college freshman again and had to work your way through school, how would you go about it?"

"First of all," she said promptly, "I would choose my college very carefully. If I did not want to attend a State university, or there was none in my State, I would write for catalogs of other colleges to find out all about tuition and fees, as well as work and scholarship opportunities, because these vary greatly among schools. Naturally, if the tuition is one hundred dollars a year at one college and four hundred dollars a year at another, it is going to make a tremendous difference in the possibilities of working one's way. Sometimes a student with a high scholastic record can obtain a scholarship which will make it possible for her to attend the more expensive schools.

"Next, I would try to save up that two hundred, or two hundred and fifty dollars to start me off, just for my own peace of mind in case I wasn't lucky enough to get a job the first thing. Then I'd at least be certain I wouldn't have to give up and go home before the end of the first semester.

"In order to save that much money, I might have to work a year before coming to college, and this would give me the practical experience that we have been dwelling upon. Perhaps I really should have started out by saying that I would take the commercial course in high school, get as proficient as I could, and get an office job if possible. I say this because office work usually pays a student better than most other kinds of work.

"But if I didn't care for commercial work, or if I didn't have the opportunity to take it, I would certainly get all the practice I could in cooking and housekeeping. In fact, I would do this anyway, to be doubly sure of finding work, since I might not be able to

get an office job during my freshman year.

"Then, if I were entirely self-supporting," she continued, with extra emphasis on this part, "I would plan to take four years and a couple of summer schools to finish my course; perhaps five years, just to guard against overdoing and possibly damaging my health.

"That is something we have to watch for, here at the employment bureau, all the time. Ambitious students are liable to get themselves so loaded up with courses and jobs that they get all worn out and are susceptible to every 'bug' that comes along. They come down with heavy colds, have to go to the infirmary, and fall behind in both their studies and their work. It simply doesn't pay. I hope you will stress this point particularly.

"Let me tell you about a girl I'll call Mary. Mary was a brilliant student and considered herself as strong as a horse, and she certainly was the picture of health. She always carried a full schedule of classes and received excellent grades. She worked afternoons and Saturday mornings in an office, and earned enough so that, incredible as it seems, she actually sent money home. On top of that she worked for a couple of hours in the evening in a restaurant to earn her meals. This meant that she had to stay up late every night to do her studying.

"For four years Mary kept this up, in spite of the fact that the deans, her adviser, and I urged her to slow down and take it easy. Eventually came the day of reckoning. Mary was graduated with a fine record and was offered a good teaching job—but she couldn't take it. She spent that year instead in a sanatorium. She is now teaching, but her illness has left its mark on her; she will never be quite as strong as when she came to school as a freshman.

"Please tell the girls that even a college education isn't worth the loss of their good health—even," she smiled, "if it does sound like preaching."

But it didn't sound like preaching to me. It sounded like plain common sense.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

THE ROSE-SPRIGGED DRESS

"Can you tell me which one of these here trails turns off toward Kansas?" The man had dismounted and now he came close to the wagon to ask his question. His eyes were like gimlets, though there was a smile on his mouth.

Steve turned and jerked his thumb toward the south. In that instant the gun was wrenched from his hand and flung away into the grass. The face that had been smiling a moment before was fierce and predatory.

"Move over," the stranger commanded harshly, and Molly felt rather than saw the pistol leap to his palm. "And you, gal, climb up there with the chickens. Both of you keep your hands in your laps, or you'll be feedin' the coyotes. I'll do the drivin'."

Molly climbed up into the wagon, squeezing in between the chicken crates. The man glanced back as he swung himself into the driver's seat and reached for the long whip. It lashed out over the horses' backs and they broke into a run. The wagon joggled and bounced, and the riderless horse followed it, galloping alongside.

Swiftly the wagon circled to the south. The wind whipped at Molly's dress and blew it about her ankles. She braced her feet against

the back of the seat as they lurched through prairie-dog towns and over hummocks of grass. If only the highwayman didn't take her and Steve too far before he put them out! Neither her family nor the Arlins would become alarmed before evening, and by that time the robber would be halfway to Kansas.

It wasn't as comfortable up there between the chicken crates as one might suppose. She couldn't sit upright, but had to keep her head ducked down under the canvas. Steve's face was white, and she knew he was both terrified and angered at having to allow this man to do as he liked with the wagon and its precious load. Her own cold hands clutched the crate beside her. There was a loose slat, and she poked her hand inside and stroked the nearest chicken. Suddenly her eyes widened and she caught her breath sharply.

The wagon continued to bump and lurch. Steve continued to scowl, with his mouth set in a grim line, but Molly's hands were busy. Every time the wagon lurched, or the chickens squawked, it gave her a chance to carry out the plan that had suddenly occurred to her.

Noon passed and hunger made Molly's head ache. She tried not to think about it, but just to keep on with her work. If only

the robber was so intent on scanning the horizon and keeping an eye on Steve that he wouldn't notice!

It was mid-afternoon when the highwayman drew up at a cross trail and ordered sharply, "Git out! Both of you."

Steve jumped out and Molly scrambled down after him. The man looked at her oddly, but he said nothing, just whipped up the horses and turned them into a new trail.

The moment the rumbling wagon was out of earshot, Steve cried, "Molly, what happened to your dress?"

"I got nervous and tore it up," Molly said. Terrified as she was, she couldn't help smiling. Her white petticoat showed to the knee, for her skirt was torn half away.

Steve said, "If you flung out pieces of your dress, hoping we could be trailed—"

He did not finish, for Molly was nodding emphatically. "That's exactly what I did do."

She knew by Steve's expression that he felt sorry for her, sorry she had torn up her dress, her lovely dress. He knew the wind would blow the strips away, and that the gesture was futile. She decided she would not tell him the rest of it, not now. For of course her plan might not work.

"If only we could meet someone," mourned Steve as they started walking back across the prairie, guided only by the faint trail. "All that stuff! All that gold! Everything lost!" He looked up at the sky. "I hope the sun will stay out so we can keep on the right trail."

Molly, too, looked up at the scudding clouds. Already the edge of a black cloud was blotting out the sun. She hugged her bare arms with her hands. The wind was whipping her petticoats about her.

"I think," went on Steve, "that this trail is the right one, but I'm not sure."

Molly wasn't sure, either, but she knew they must hurry. The sky was being churned to gray, and soon rain would begin to fall.

They had gone perhaps half a mile when Steve cried, "Look, Molly! Why, look at that! There's a prairie chicken with a red neck. Let's go see."

Molly shook her head. "We must keep to the trail. We'll be caught in the rain before long." Her glance searched the sky as if it could hold back the approaching storm.

Steve strode on ahead, scowling to the right and the left, searching for some landmark, something to tell them they were keeping to the right direction. Molly plodded along at his back, giving a skip-hop now and then to keep up with him. Lightning veined a dark cloud and there came a low muttering of thunder.

"No shelter in sight," Steve flung over his shoulder. "We'll be soaked." The gloom increased. There was a swift rustle of wind in the grass. Again lightning flashed.

Steve stopped short. "Well, I never! Isn't that another white prairie chicken? No, it's probably the same one. My, we're slow. Maybe, if we run, we can find some shelter."

They trotted up a rise with Steve leading. The next burst of thunder and flash of lightning came almost simultaneously. The wind tore through Molly's clothes and sent her flesh into quivering goose pimples.

As they ran, her thoughts were busy. She knew what Steve must be thinking. He had been trusted to bring this load of supplies to his neighbors safely, and he had failed. She felt sorry for the neighbors, who could not afford to lose the supplies, and she felt sorry for Steve. Oh, it was too bad!

Thunder now rolled in unrestrained fury, and great drops began to fall. She searched the country with quick eyes. Yes, there was another moving white dot.

Then suddenly she heard something that was not born of the storm. Hoofbeats. Dozens of them, coming up on the wind between the crashing of thunder and the crackle of lightning.

"Steve—do you hear it?"

"Hear what?" He stopped to listen. "Why, yes!" His face lighted. "Oh, Molly, do you suppose—?"

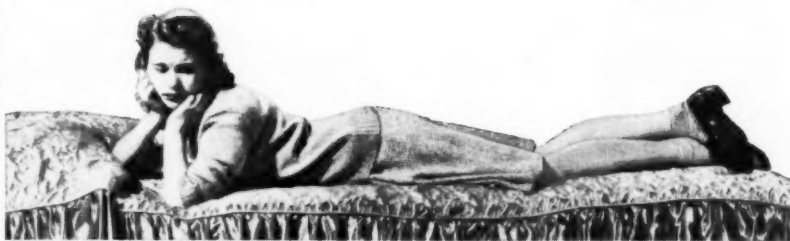
They ran up another slope, then gazed down at a party of advancing horsemen, spread out over half a mile of prairie. Drops spattered in the dust of the trail as they waited for the riders. Molly's curls were damp, and the wind flung them into her eyes. She shoved them back and held them with both hands as the posse galloped nearer.

Her father was the first to leap from his horse. He looked at Molly anxiously, then smiled. "Are you all right? Which way did they go? If it hadn't been for the chickens—"

Other men galloped up and words buzzed about them. Steve pointed out the way the

(Continued on page 48)

Which are you?



GRUMPY LOU?

A dance tonight and you're cranky as a wet hen. If you stay home, you miss the fun. If you go, you'll definitely be a droop. All because it's one of those days when a girl feels low and wants lots more comfort than she seems to be getting.



or HAPPY SUE?

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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN. Robert Montgomery apparently relishes unusual rôles and he has one here in the disembodied spirit of a prize fighter, killed before his time, looking for a body in which to live out his normal life span. The film has been done as hilarious comedy and succeeds remarkably well in keeping the audience laughing. (Col.)

NEW WINE. Based on an episode in the life of Franz Schubert, the film makes no pretensions to being a biography of the composer, but is, nevertheless, a lovely and moving story. It is no reflection on the principals (Alan Curtis as Schubert and Ilona Massey, who is Anna) to say that the high points of interest are provided by the character actors, because the script is written with Schubert and his music as background while most of the action is allotted to others. Binnie Barnes as the Countess gives a highly amusing portrayal of a frivolous woman. One of the most unforgettable scenes in screen history is furnished by Albert Basserman as Ludwig van Beethoven, when the deaf composer first reads a score by Schubert. His face reflects his inner hearing of every note of the music as he sees it on the pages of the manuscript. The music of the film is, of course, beautiful since it is Schubert's own. (U.A.)

Good

ARIZONA BOUND. Government agents in disguise round up a gang of killers in this latest Rough Riders opus. Buck Jones, Tim McCoy, and Raymond Hatton give a good account of themselves in typical Western fashion. (Mono.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT. A rollicking slapstick farce has been made of this perennial favorite by casting Jack Benny as the friend who impersonates Charley's aunt to serve as chaperon while two young Oxford blades of the nineties (Richard Haydn and James Ellison) entertain their girls (Anne Baxter and Arleen Whelan). When the real aunt (Kay Francis) appears on the scene, Benny's predicament becomes serious, what with his becoming enamored of her at sight. Amusing slapstick. (Fox)

DRESSED TO KILL. If Michael Shayne (Lloyd Nolan) were really as brilliant a deductor from clues as he proves to be in this diverting mystery, he wouldn't always be broke, but it adds to the suspense to feel that Shayne's meal ticket (in this one of the series a marriage license is also at stake) depends on his finding the murderer. Suspense is well maintained and there's comedy throughout. (Fox)

FORCED LANDING. Richard Arlen, a quick-thinking army aviator in a country torn by unrest, provides thrills for action fans. Eva Gabor is a new and charming heroine. (Para.)

GANGS OF SONORA. The Three Mesquiteres force an election to bring Wyoming into the Union when crooked interests wish otherwise. Lively and interesting story, with a crusading woman newspaper editor (Helen Mackellar) to lend color. (Rep.)

HOLD THAT GHOST. You'll get more than your money's worth of Abbot and Costello nonsense in their latest film which is full of both laughs and action. Aside from the fun provided by these popular comedians the film is an amusing burlesque of horror pictures. The horror is diluted, however, and since the Abbott and Costello humor retains its welcome wholesomeness, this is an entertaining film for the whole family. Ted Lewis and his band, and the Andrews Sisters appear. (Univ.)

HURRICANE SMITH. Ray Middleton is a rodeo performer who is mistaken for a murderer, but later escapes his guard and begins life over again



BILLY LEE AND HIS GANG BRING "REG'LAR FELLERS" OF COMIC-STRIP AND RADIO FAME TO THE SILVER SCREEN

GINGER ROGERS AND BURGESS MEREDITH IN THE FILM, "TOM, DICK, AND HARRY"

with Jane Wyatt, a girl reporter who believes in him. This, however, is the beginning, not the end of the story, and their experiences in making a livable place out of the ghost town in which they hide out are interesting. (Rep.)

LAW OF THE RANGE. The serious friction between cattle men and sheep men provides an exciting chapter in the bloody history of the winning of the West, and fresh background for this film. Johnny Mack Brown and two hard-riding heroines (Nell O'Day and Elaine Morey) keep the action and the interest from lagging. (Univ.)

MAN FROM MONTANA. Again Johnny Mack Brown scores in an outdoors film that has more to recommend it than the usual Western—logical plot development and humor among them. The photography is not always up to the standard set by the acting. (Univ.)

REG'LAR FELLERS. Boys and girls who follow the comics and radio program will be happy to find the same characters living their adventures on the screen in this amusing film. Billy Lee is a likable "Pinhead," and the rôles of Jimmy Dugan, Skeeter, Aggie, and Bump are well played, too. The story concerns their efforts to get the town crosspatch, Mrs. Carter, to let them use her barn as a laboratory for their "inventions." Complications with adult villainy lead to some exciting scenes, but in the end, the chief offenders, two thieves who plan to rob Mrs. Carter, are caught by one of the boys' contraptions in a most undignified manner. They get their clubhouse and Mrs. Carter is reconciled with her son's wife and baby, who have been the center of much of the action. (P.R.C.)

RINGSIDE MAISIE. Ann Sothern's likable Maisie is still taking the part of the underdog in this comedy about young prize fighters and their problems. The fight sequences are realistic and Maisie's tongue as sharp as ever, but the clichés are good and you can't help boosting for Maisie's side. (MGM)

SON OF DAVY CROCKETT. Bill Elliott, as the son of one of the defenders of the Alamo, upholds the rights of settlers seeking to become citizens of this country. The disputed territory in this case is a strip of land which, through a surveyor's error, was left out of the U. S. Interesting background but less action than in the usual Western. (Col.)

SUNSET IN WYOMING. Gene Autry's newest film is a thoroughly enjoyable one with more comedy than usual, played to good effect by Smiley Burnett. The music, especially Autry's duets with Burnett, is delightful. Autry's genius for being himself before the camera makes his personality grow on you, just as you enjoy some friends more

the better you know them. His supporting cast is unusually able, and Maris Wrixon has charm and beauty. With a bang-up flood scene at the end, this action drama is outstanding. (Rep.)

THEY MEET AGAIN. Dr. Christian (Jean Hersholt) helps another young musician in this engaging family film. This time it is a captivating little singer, Anne Bennett, whose father has been wrongfully imprisoned. (RKO)

THREE COCKEYED SAILORS. That the British are capable of making hilarious fun out of their dangers is a fortunate gift of temperament. Three AWOL sailors stumble on to the wrong boat which turns out to be the very German raider their own ship has been sent to destroy. With no respect for anything but comic situations they manage to capture the boat and escape being blown to the bottom by British seamen. (U.A.)

TOM, DICK, AND HARRY. This is a laughter-filled fantasy about a girl (Ginger Rogers) bemused by romantic notions gathered at the movies, who gets herself engaged simultaneously to a go-getter salesman (George Murphy), a philosopher mechanic (Burgess Meredith), and a play-boy millionaire (Alan Marshal). The action is a clever mixture of farcical happenings followed by the girl's amusingly distorted dreams of what the future holds with each young man. Miss Rogers's conception of prolonged adolescence in a girl who constantly dramatizes herself is nearly perfect, though it grows a bit monotonous toward the end. The whimsy of Garson Kanin's direction wears a little thin, too, but the first four-fifths of the film is sheer delight. The family will enjoy this together for there is fun in it for everybody. (RKO)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

NEW WINE

Good

ARIZONA BOUND
CHARLEY'S AUNT
HOLD THAT GHOST
LAW OF THE RANGE
REG'LAR FELLERS
SON OF DAVY CROCKETT
SUNSET IN WYOMING
THEY MEET AGAIN

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

GENIUS IN BUD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

late afternoon, looking worried. "I wish it would stop raining," he told Ann anxiously. "The river's way up."

"Well, it's taken a week's rain to get it there," Ann consoled him. "It can't climb much more in another day."

"I won't be seeing my pictures again until the crowd comes to-morrow—if they come," Bud sighed. "Mother wants my sister in Wardover to be here for the big day, so we're driving over there to-night to get her. Ann, do you honestly think people will come?"

"We'll be fighting off the crowds," Ann promised. But her private opinion, as she turned back to her desk, was not so confident. Grimes Center was skeptical about Bud's talent—and if the weather was still bad to-morrow, it would take something like an earthquake to get them out of doors.

"If you don't hurry up with those school items, Ann, they're going to get left out," Mr. Phelan grumbled, popping in from the printing room. "All the rest of the type's set, and I want my supper."

Something like an inspiration took possession of Ann. "I'll set type for them," she volunteered, almost too eagerly.

The old printer scowled. "Well, all right. But don't make any mistakes. I aim to get off early to-night, and I don't expect to sit around resetting type until morning."

Ann watched him leave, her inspiration growing stronger within her. Why not? It was news—and even if it brought the *Clarion* office down around her ears, everybody would know about it to-morrow anyway, whether she printed it in the paper or not.

Grimly she shoved the school items into next week's basket, inserted a sheet in the typewriter, and tapped out, "Chicago Reporter to Attend Gillian Exhibition." Would that bring Grimes Center flocking around?

She set type painstakingly for her finished article in the last remaining portion of the front page. There must be no mistake here to call Mr. Phelan's eagle eye to the news item. She herself would correct the other galleys for the page, and with ordinary luck Mr. Phelan, in resetting the type, would notice only the corrections marked by her blue pencil.

She worked feverishly, but with minute carefulness. If he just didn't notice! He couldn't actually make her take it out, of course, but he might almost refuse to print the paper if he knew what she'd put in it.

There, it was done! Her hands were washed and her face serene before Mr. Phelan returned, though her heart didn't stop thumping until after he'd given the type a careless scrutiny and settled to work.

Some hours later the presses groaned into motion, the finished papers came slapping out—and the town-shaking news that Bud Gillian was important enough to rate a big-city reporter at his exhibition was hoisted into the dark post office by Mr. Phelan's own unwitting hands.

Rain, drumming on the roof with new force, awoke Ann late that night. She sat bolt upright in bed, shocked by a terror she couldn't place at first. And then she remembered. The river! Already dangerously close to the level of Mr. Phipps's store on the river bank. What might this cloud-burst do to its swollen waters now?

(Continued on page 42)

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through the fall and winter, you might think of thrifty rayon and wool jersey for the blouse, and just as thrifty wide-wale corduroy in some contrasting color for the jerkin and skirt. There are attractive wool-like rayon materials for as little as fifty-nine cents a yard.

The blouse has a draw-string neckline that ties in the front with a bow. You'll find it easy to make a casing for the draw string, if you do your stitching with the flange hemmer which turns under the raw edge and stitches at the same time. The jerkin, with its square neckline, is fitted with purposeful inside darts just above the patch pockets. Remember to give your patch pockets a firm finish, after they have been attached, by using the edge stitcher. This gadget stitches as close to the edges as possible, following the outline of the pockets. The free-swinging, flared skirt is four-gored and you can finish off the inside seams quickly by using the pinker attachment in the sewing machine kit. By doing this, you'll rule out any possibility of fraying or raw edges.

Your turnout will be complete if you make a wrist-length jacket to go over your three-piece suit. You might make it of matching plaid; or if you prefer, plan a plain color jacket. It would be smart to pipe the edges with the plaid fabric, using the binder attachment on your machine.

Notice how the collar, fronts, and pockets are finished with double rows of stitching in the sketch below. For this you'll find the cloth guide attachment an invaluable aid, because it guides your stitches at evenly spaced distances.

The jacket pattern includes a dress and it is Hollywood pattern 725. Pattern 698 is a Hollywood "Sew Simple" blouse, jerkin, and skirt pattern. Both may be ordered from THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49 Street, New York City. Be sure to state size when ordering. Whether you are a beginner or an old hand, if you would like help in short cuts and suggestions for professional dressmaking, write THE AMERICAN GIRL for information about a sewing center located near you.



Now's the time to start making sewing plans for autumn clothes, if you want to be fashion right and ready when school opens.

Everyone knows that the first back-to-school day is the most exciting, especially from a fashion standpoint. That's the day when it's important to stand out from the rest of the crowd because first impressions are usually lasting ones. And so it's entirely up to you to make your mark right away with the most flattering costume you can achieve. Don't be discouraged if your budget allowance is a modest one because the modern sewing machine, with its lit of attachments, will help to transform inexpensive, colorful fabrics into beautiful clothes.

Take a look at the three-piece costume on this page that's suggested for your sewing project. There's a blouse, skirt, and jerkin, all included in one pattern. For the blouse, choose a plain spun-rayon material that will harmonize with the colors in the rest of the costume. For instance, if your heart yearns for a plaid jerkin and skirt in some lively clan colors like a combination of blues, greens, and yellows, then make the blouse of one of those three colors. Or you can stretch your wardrobe by choosing matching plain colors for the skirt and blouse, with plaid for the jerkin. After that, it's a simple matter to team up your skirt, or jerkin, with other things you own. If you want to wear this threesome



725

SKY RABBITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Kate rolled her eyes up and gave a resigned chuckle. "When you want anything for a pet, Little Matt, I give up. I suppose it could sleep in the barn with Amelia." She turned to Joel. "Our cow, not our sister," she explained.

After they reached the base of the Rock, it was still a task to get to the cave, pushing through scrub oak that caught their hair and drew long scratches on their arms and faces. When they finally emerged on the clearing at the mouth of the cave, Little Matt made a rush at the bewildered, squatting puppy, and it immediately set up an absurd little growling, snarling at his incautious hands.

"Ow!" roared Little Matt as he felt the sharpness of the baby coyote's teeth. "I ain't going to hurt you."

"Go at it a little easier," advised Ruth. "He's a right nice little fellow, isn't he, Kate? I reckon we can keep him."

"I wonder if he'll make an unholy noise in the yard at night, like those coyotes do over on the hill, when the moon's out," said Kate.

"Hmph! Ernest Thompson Seton called it 'singing to the moon,'" said Joel with amusement. "I look forward to hearing it for myself. He called coyotes 'Song-Dogs,' you know."

"Song-Dog," cried Little Matt, looking up from his ecstatic but cautious petting. "I was just figuring I'd call him Pal, but—Song-Dog. I kinda like that. Here, Song-Dog! Nice little Song-Dog!"

"Folks around here say you can't tame a coyote, and that they're mean, treacherous, and vicious," remarked Kate. "I'd like to see them proved wrong. I like the looks of the little fellow myself. Sort of dainty, compared to a regular pup."

They forced their way back into the open again and started along the trail through the warm quiet of noonday. Song-Dog nestled tensely in the crook of Little Matt's arm.

Ruth asked suddenly, "An Angora rabbit farm?"

"Yes," said Joel, with an irritated shrug. "Animals that look like powder puffs, or—like those fluffy clouds up there. Not plain, down-to-earth rabbits at all. They give their wool to decorate ladies. You'll have to come and pay them a call."

"Oh, they make sweaters out of them," cried Ruth. Kate stared at her. How did Ruthie manage to come in so pat with all the right bits of information? Kate had higher grades in school.

"That's quite right," said Joel briefly. "Well, here's where I turn off. I'm certainly glad I met you. Come over and see the rabbits some day soon, won't you? I get so bored I could pass out. Oh, and say, do you happen to know where we could get hold of a decent maid? Mother needs help, and naturally she doesn't want just anybody."

"I can't think of anybody offhand, can you, Ruth?" replied Kate. "But we'll keep it in mind. By."

They went down the road while Joel went up.

"Doesn't he know a lot?" Kate asked broodingly.

"He thinks he does, anyway," answered her sister. "But you got the best of him in that argument. How did you ever think of all those things to say?"

"Well—" Kate hesitated, and then yanked

THE THINGS A

Dancing Daughter

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the letter out of her pocket, where it had been burning all day—"they weren't all original. I might as well confess. I got a letter from Aunt Elizabeth yesterday. I wrote and asked her if she wouldn't help me through college. And she said no. She said it wasn't any use to anyone to be put through college.

She said you could find a way, if you wanted to go to college bad enough. I was awfully mad; but now—well, I kind of converted myself to her point of view, arguing with Joel. She says she's coming out to see us some time soon. If she does, I—I just hope I'll be able to show her a thing or two."

Ruth read the letter. "I must say that isn't very generous of her," she snorted. "No wonder you're feeling low."

Kate stuffed the letter back into her pocket abstractedly. "Do you know who Brunhild was?" she asked.

(To be continued)

IF PHYSICAL EDUCATION IS YOUR CHOICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

full, four-year course in physical education leading to a degree, what must you study in order to get that coveted sheepskin? (I never will get over the disappointment of finding it was only parchment and not a very expensive kind at that!) Of course each college has individual differences, but the better ones are fairly uniform and follow the standards set up in 1936 by a committee on standards in professional education which was appointed by the *American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation*, the national organization to which all true educators in these fields belong. The report states that there are five programs, at least, for which the teacher of health and physical education is responsible, and I'll include these because students should know what they are responsible for, before they begin their training.

- 1—To lead pupils in activity programs to achieve pupil development and adjustment according to standards.
- 2—To lead the program in character education associated with the activities.
- 3—To teach health (or hygiene) through health practices or "training," and formally in class as informational hygiene.
- 4—To conduct a program of accident prevention.
- 5—To organize and insure the success of the health protection program.

The committee goes on to say that the course for teachers should include *Academic Courses* such as English, History, Foreign Languages, Mathematics; *Foundation Sciences* including Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, Sociology, Hygiene; *Courses in General Education* as Introduction to Education, History of Education, Educational Psychology, Educational Sociology, Introduction to Statistical Methods, Elementary and Secondary Education; then follow such topics as *Problems of Interpretation and Objectives, Problems of Educability, Classification and Testing of People*—and under this heading comes the exploration of the many tests, some of which I am sure have been tried out on you. *Problems of the Program*, which covers Physiology of Activity, the Mechanical

Analysis of Activities; *Problems of Leadership*, dealing with special methods of teaching, the acquiring of personal skill in physical education activities, a study of how best to organize physical education activities, to teach health, to supervise practice teaching, and to learn how to prevent and care for injuries. Other prerequisites include courses in administration of physical education and an introduction to the field of physical education.

Over and beyond all this mass of information which one must absorb during the four years of college, such subjects as dramatics and pageantry, music appreciation, creative writing, handicraft, and poetry are allied fields in which the physical educator would do well to know her way about. Do you wonder that I emphasize the importance of being physically fit before embarking on this strenuous voyage?

And now that you are all graduated and ready to take a position, what salary are you likely to receive? It is always difficult to find any standard of wages for professional people. If you are a bricklayer, a plumber, or a carpenter, your union will determine what your pay per hour shall be. Teachers have no universal wage. Initial salaries in many schools are around \$1,200 per year, but girls with outstanding ability frequently start further up the ladder with \$1,500 or \$1,600. Some of our largest city systems start at \$2,000, but demand at least a year's experience. Well-organized educational systems give annual increases from \$50 to \$156 a year, and the top goes up to \$4,500. The best positions are those of county, city, or State supervisors and directors, and carry with them salaries up to \$10,000. These positions are usually held by men, for it's still a man's world despite all our struggling and probably always will be. The directors of physical education for women in State universities and colleges also are able to afford plenty of butter with their bread, and jam besides, but compared with the \$17,500 which is frequently paid to the top football coach, the poor educators look badly treated. Many private boarding schools and colleges pay small salaries, but include room and board, which are big expense items.

Then, in addition to the actual cash, there is the thing called "psychic income," meaning

the satisfaction you derive from your job, with which cold, hard money cannot compete. The best pay you will receive will come from the affection and esteem of your pupils. What rich reward you will derive when you see some shy little introvert become a jolly, well-adjusted personality because you cared enough to teach her to play some game well and brought her out of her shell of reserve! You'll nearly burst with joy when some crippled child wins the archery tournament due to the extra hours you spent with him, instead of devoting all your time to the experts. Yes, dollars aren't the only pay we teachers get for our labors.

What shall we say about the types of girls most likely to succeed in this kind of work? They should be, first of all, well-developed, healthy persons, good to look at, clear of skin, bright of eye. I suppose one could teach posture bent over like a question mark, and health when looking like a candidate for the T.B. sanatorium, but most administrators hire girls who are themselves the best possible advertisement for their profession. Character is of fundamental importance, for the teacher of physical education wields a tremendous influence over her pupils. We should be like Caesar's wife, "beyond suspicion" of anything that is mean, cheap, dishonest, unlovely. You don't *teach* character; it is contagious, like good manners, a Christlike spirit, and the love of the beautiful and true. Time was when women who taught physical education thought they had to look as masculine as possible. They wore mannish shoes, tailored suits, string ties, and fedora hats. Thank goodness, that day has gone forever, along with the star basket ball player who thought because she could shoot thirty baskets in a game, she was qualified to be a "gym" teacher.

There now, I think I have answered all your questions. If some of the girls want specific information about the cost of professional education, the best books to read to get further insight into the work, the schools, and the leaders in their States, I'll be glad to answer their questions. I'm mighty fussy about the types of girls who come into this much-prized field of mine, and I'll be eager to do all I can to help the best ones over the fence.

Your devoted Aunt Tess

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

There would be no town alarm if it *did* flood. The main part of Grimes Center was high above the river, and the owners of the few low-lying buildings accepted a flood as just a yearly mess to clean up after the river went down. The town had petitioned the Government for a dam to stop the flood nuisance, but the dam was still to be built. Bud's paintings—his whole future stake—were practically on the river edge right now.

Further sleep was impossible. Ann dressed with feverish haste, pocketed her flash light, and slipped out of the house to the garage.

Rain slashed at the windshield and poured

GENIUS IN BUD

off the windows in solid sheets as she backed out the family sedan. She drove slowly, feeling her way over the familiar streets. Her headlights were a blur against the descending torrent, and water splashed the car to its roof at every street crossing.

A block above the store, Ann stopped. If the river were up, she didn't dare drive closer. From this point she'd have to go on foot.

As she stepped out of the car, the rain beat at her with tremendous force. She huddled closer into her raincoat and ran. The sidewalk sloped downhill and water swirled around her ankles. The river *was* up! Was

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

it even now coming into the store building?

Ann knew the worst as soon as she pushed open the front door. The floor was already awash! Water lapped around the easels Bud had made for his paintings. It was only a question of minutes before the steady seepage under the rotten baseboard and ill-hung doors would raise the level picture-high.

No time now to carry the canvases one by one to the car! Ann flung open a window on the river side and waved her flash light frantically. During floods there were always motor boats plying up and down the river as resigned owners moved their possessions once

again to drier ground. Now she could hear a familiar *put-put* in the distance. Was it coming closer? Would the boatman see her light? The *put-put* was coming nearer. Above the storm a man's voice shouted, "Do you need any help?"

Ann waved the flash light in frantic assent, and a few moments later the boat bumped gently against the building.

"Please," Ann begged, "can you take off a load of paintings before the water ruins them? There are sixteen of them, and some are pretty large, I'm afraid."

The stranger was not only sympathetic but willing. "Might make it in two trips, lady." He made fast his boat and pulled himself through the window. "You hold the light on them and I'll stack them up."

Ann selected Bud's favorite pictures, and then her own. The man had stacked nine of them on his boat, face down, and covered them with a tarpaulin, before he decided he had a full load.

"I'll be back for the rest as soon as I can," he promised. His cheerful *put-put* faded in the distance.

Left alone with a pencil of light for company and cold dark water swirling around her legs, Ann shivered with sudden terror. "But there's really nothing to be afraid of," she told herself. "It won't be long before he gets back."

Determinedly she set to work to do something about the remaining pictures, just in case the owner of the boat did not get back in time. She had noticed, when she signaled from the window, that the water was inches deeper there than by the door. Apparently the river had worn part of the old foundation away and the building was settling at a slant. Well then, perhaps she could make some shift to hold the paintings on the shallow end. She sloshed back to the entrance and studied the possibilities revealed by her flash light.

"If I had a rope," she murmured, "I could stack some empty easels in that corner and tie them in from here to there, wedging the pictures up behind them."

But he had no rope, only the cloth belt to her dress. Hurriedly she estimated the length needed, then kicked off her soaked sandals and stuffed them into her coat pockets. Her toes curled away from the wet boards beneath them when she had stripped off her stockings, too.

The two stockings and the belt, tied into a snaky rope, gave the length she needed. She floated a few easels to the corner and stacked them there, fastening her improvised rope securely across them from a spike on one wall to a broken board on the adjoining one.

Now the pictures! Ann splashed and hoisted away for dear life. One canvas up safely above the water! Two, three. Six, seven. She leaned against the wall to rest and heard the returning *put-put* of the boat.

But it was coming faster now. She heard the stranger's voice shouting urgently, "Lady! Lady! Come to the window! Quick!"

Even as he shouted, Ann noticed that the slant of the floor under her feet had grown more pronounced—the foundations on the river were giving way entirely. No time now to think of the pictures. The old store gave a wrenching groan and lurch. Pulling herself up to the sill, she hesitated for a moment, eying the dark water in terror.

The boat, she saw, was directly beneath the window. Summoning all her courage, she let herself slide over the sill. The small craft bucked and splashed with the sudden impact of her weight, and behind her the building

(Continued on page 48)



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ELEANORE LIKES MATHEMATICS

DELAN, WISCONSIN: I have read and loved the best magazine in the world—THE AMERICAN GIRL—for two years. Each month when it arrives I rush to it and fairly gobble it up—by reading, of course. The only thing I find wrong is that there just isn't enough of it.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman in high school. My favorite subject is algebra. My hobby is collecting playing cards. It's really quite interesting to find out how many different kinds of cards there are.

Back to my favorite magazine! I don't think that anywhere you could find such marvelous stories for girls. Bushy and Lofty, Janey Lewis, and Midge are only a few of my favorite characters. And as for the serials—none can be compared to them! I loved *Winter Cottage* and *Sing for Your Supper*—and *The Desert Calling* is perfect!

Eleanore Williams

VIRGINIA DOESN'T

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA: Yesterday I received my third issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. When I was younger I got a child's magazine for three years, but of course now being thirteen, I appreciate THE AMERICAN GIRL more.

Being a new subscriber, I am not acquainted with many story characters such as Midge, and Bushy and Lofty, although I have met Yes-We-Can Janey. I'm very anxious to read about the others.

In summer I spend most of my time bicycling and playing the piano. I love to go swimming, but I don't do very much of that. In winter I am occupied with school studies and piano practicing.

I'm in the eighth grade of junior high school. My favorite study is music. I also enjoy history, geography, and Latin. Math is my problem.

I could think of scores of things to say, but that is impossible. I'll just say good-by now to all my new AMERICAN GIRL friends.

Virginia Brubaker

PAULINE LIKES HISTORY

MANCHESTER, TENNESSEE: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL only a short time, but I am already in love with it. I like the *Penny for Your Thoughts* page very much because I like to hear about other girls' favorite sports, games, etc.

My favorite stories are those about Midge, and Bushy and Lofty, and *The Desert Calling*. I like the articles on shows and fashions—and especially those for Girl Scouts, because I

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A penny for your thoughts



am one and believe in everything Scouting stands for. I have been a Girl Scout for about a year and I am proud of it. Girl Scouting is the greatest organization for girls there is.

Since I live in a rather warm climate, the sports I enjoy are basket ball in winter, and in summer, bicycling and swimming. On rather cool days I enjoy curling up in a snug corner and reading THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I like school very well, although I wish I didn't have to go sometimes. My favorite subjects are American history and reading.

Pauline Keele

MARIANNE'S FAVORITE SUBJECTS

RIVER VALE, NEW JERSEY: For my birthday I got a lot of presents, as usual, only this time they were Girl Scout presents. They were a mess kit, and a case with a mirror, a nail file, and a comb in it. I also got a knife, a beret, a bracelet, a clip, and shorts.

I simply love THE AMERICAN GIRL. My hobby is collecting stamps. I take toe-dancing lessons and am in the fifth grade. I like reading and spelling the best of all subjects.

Marianne Thurnall

REPORT CARDS

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA: I received THE AMERICAN GIRL as a Christmas gift last Christmas from my cousin, who is my Girl Scout troop leader, and since then, when I get it each month, it seems I can't wait another whole month for the next number.

I am fourteen years old and am in the eighth grade at Gridley Junior High. I like school so very much, but I am often disappointed in my report cards. My favorite subjects are math and science.

One of my favorite hobbies is drawing paper dolls. I like swimming and diving as sports, and I love dogs and horses. I have a wire-haired fox terrier.

Since I have had THE AMERICAN GIRL I have read only one story about Midge, but already I think she is marvelous. I also like Yes-We-Can Janey and *The Desert Calling*.

I am also very glad we have *A Penny for Your Thoughts* because I like to read what other girls think of the magazine. To tell the truth, I would be lost without finding THE AMERICAN GIRL in my mail box each month.

Carol Anderson

IN AND OUT OF CLASSES

HATFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA: I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL very much, especially the excellent stories about Midge, Yes-We-Can Janey, and many others. The characters, and

the joys and sorrows they share, seem so real! The *Penny for Your Thoughts* and *What's On the Screen?* columns are also favorites of mine.

I live in a small town and attend the Hatfield Joint Consolidated School. I like school very much because we have fun in classes and outside of classes.

I love to read, and I like sports such as swimming, skating, bicycling, and basket ball.

Treva Querber

NANCY ENJOYS ATHLETICS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS: What in the world happened to Bobo? I've taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for five years now and I couldn't do without it, I know, but lately there hasn't been a story about my favorite character, Bobo Witherspoon. I also like Bushy and Lofty stories—but the whole magazine is swell, upside down or inside out. I've written you twice before, but I didn't have my letter published in *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I like to read what other girls do and think, so I enjoy that page.

I'm fifteen and a sophomore in the Amundsen High School. It's a wonderful school and we won the north section football crown and played in the semifinals for basket ball.

I'm thankful for a lot of things, but mostly that we live in a free and safe country.

I'm a Girl Scout and last summer I went to Juniper Knoll, up in Wisconsin. It's a wonderful camp and I wish you'd have some pictures of it in the magazine some time. Good luck to you, and everyone that reads THE AMERICAN GIRL!

Nancy B. Rhodes

A HELP IN SCHOOL

GLENBROOK, CONNECTICUT: As I haven't written you in such a long time, I think it is high time I wrote to tell you how THE AMERICAN GIRL has come to my rescue twice.

I always keep my back issues, so that whenever I need some pictures, articles, or information, I just look back and take what I want. In Art, in school, we had to have pictures of famous paintings. The pictures from *The American Painters Series* helped me to get a good mark on my notebook. Then we took up fashions, and the pictures of Deanna Durbin's whole outfit—and some pictures from another issue—helped me to get a good mark there, too.

What with all the help I get in my school work and all the enjoyment and fun I get out of reading the stories, it is no wonder I love THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Janet Clarke

ENJOYING MANY THINGS

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL since last June, when I got it for my birthday. Each month I love it better. It is very hard to choose, but I think my favorite stories are those about Midge, Yes-We-Can Janey, and Lucy Ellen. I enjoy the continued stories, too. I also like the departments. The first things I read are *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *Laugh and Grow Scout*.

There are a great many things I enjoy. I take piano lessons, but I can't say I am particularly fond of practicing. I also take dramatics lessons. I just love to act and some day I hope to become a dramatics teacher, or perhaps, if it isn't too impossible, an actress—so you can see why I like stories about actresses. Quite a while ago you had an exceptionally good story about Virginia Weidler. Do have more of them.

My favorite sports are swimming, rowing, archery, table tennis, and ice skating. In the summer I go to camp and have the best time ever. Our group always manages to get into all the mischief and we do have jolly times.

I have a brother who was drafted to the army. He is stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and we receive exciting letters from him.

I had better stop now because if I don't, I will ramble on for days and days and I don't think you would enjoy that very much.

Sylvia Berkowitz

CABIN ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

GILMER, TEXAS: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and I think it is the most wonderful magazine I have ever read. My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofly, Dilsey, and Yes-We-Can Janey, but I like all the rest, too.

I am a First Class Girl Scout. I enjoy the articles about Scouting very much. Our troop has a wonderful cabin on a mountain about a mile and a half from town. I took several copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL to the cabin, the last time we were out there, and the girls enjoyed them very much.

I love almost any sport, but my favorite ones are horseback riding, swimming, ping-pong, and soft ball. I own a horse and enjoy riding him very much. Since I live in a small town I do not have to worry about traffic very much.

Although I am not in high school, I play the accordion in the high school band. We go on many trips each year which I enjoy very much.

I am twelve years old and my hobbies are collecting miniature horses (of which I have about fifty) and playing the piano, accordion, and organ.

Sarah Jane Laschinger

LUCY ELLEN AND DILSEY

DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS: I am writing to compliment you on a very fine magazine, THE AMERICAN GIRL. I think I like Lucy Ellen best—she is so lifelike and real. Dilsey, also, is real, always getting in jams and sliding out.

Although I am not a Girl Scout, I always enjoy reading in THE AMERICAN GIRL about the fun which Girl Scouts have.

Next to reading, my favorite hobby is writing. Some day I hope to be able to write as nice a story as those that appear in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Jane Monahan

ONE HUNDRED CHEERS

MILAN, KANSAS: It was my lucky day when the school subscribed for THE AMERICAN GIRL. Was I glad! I think it's the best magazine ever published, and I bet everyone who reads it thinks the same. We have received seven copies at school and I have read every copy from cover to cover.

My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofly, Midge, Bobo Witherspoon, and Dilsey—although I like them all.

I am ten years old, and live on a farm. I am not a Girl Scout, but would like to be one. I have one sister and two brothers.

I say one hundred cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL!

Rozella Stephens

MANY PETS AND A SISTER

HAVEN, KANSAS: For two and one-half years, or more than one sixth of my life, THE AMERICAN GIRL has come to my home to bring me pleasure—and it seems that I enjoy it more each time.

I like every bit of the magazine, but most of all the letters to *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I collect miniature shoes, but my hobbies are reading and letter writing. My sister collects both canceled and uncanceled stamps and perfume bottles. We both have bicycles and like to go riding. There are five pupils in our rural school and all ride bicycles during good weather.

I live on a farm and love it. I have many pets and a sister to play with, and THE AMERICAN GIRL to read each month.

Iris Holtje

FIRST AID

SCHWENKSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA: I have only received six numbers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, but that is enough to know what a swell magazine it is. I have a two years' subscription, and I hope to subscribe again when the time is up. It is very interesting to read other girls' letters and see what they enjoy most. Of course I am like most of them and enjoy every bit of it.

The covers are very nice. I like Dorothy Childs Hogner's articles a lot, and all of the stories. This is the first time I have read serials, and I like them very much.

In *Step with the Times*, *What's On the Air?* *What's On the Screen?*, etc. are very good, too. There is only one other thing I would like to have in THE AMERICAN GIRL and that is an article on first aid. I plan to be a nurse when I grow up. I am twelve years old and a Girl Scout.

Shirley Young

MANY THANKS, PATRICIA

LANSING, MICHIGAN: My sisters and I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL since last Christmas when we received it as a gift.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman in St. Mary's High School in Lansing, Michigan. Our basket ball team won the State championship in Class C this year and the whole school is proud of them.

I have two sisters, Phyllis and Carolyn, and two brothers, Cecil and Nicolas. I am the oldest in our family.

And now a word about our wonderful magazine. I just love the Yes-We-Can Janey and Midge stories and all the others, too. It is certainly nice to read about girls your own age who have the same embarrassing ex-



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periences I have. I like serials best of all, but the length of time between issues seems like a month of Sundays.

I have taken lessons on the piano accordion for about a year and a half and I enjoy playing it very much. I belong to an accordion band. About twenty boys and girls belong to it.

I don't usually write to magazines, but I have to send my compliments, along with Mother's and my sisters', to the best magazine ever put on the market.

Patricia Langenfeld

COLLECTING DOLLS

WOLCOTT, VERMONT: I'm sitting here on our porch, looking out across the river and trying to think of words nice enough to describe *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. There is no Girl Scout troop in our town so I do not belong, but I know I'd enjoy Scouting.

Yes-We-Can Janey is my favorite character. I just love the competition between Janey and Tad Tyler.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"heaver," and the one who made our bed was a "pillow puncher." The dishwashers were known as "pearl divers" and the ranger guides were "ninety-day wonders."

To our question as to what we were called, the "pack rat" replied, "Well, if you were camping, you'd be 'sage-brushers.' But since you are staying in a hotel, you are called 'dudes.'"

Promptly after dinner, the guests gathered in front of the hotel. Although Old Faithful is extremely regular for a geyser, it does not erupt on the minute. Sometimes it shoots after only thirty-five minutes rest. Again it may not erupt for eighty minutes. But this time the bubbling of water on the surface of the ground and a cloud of vapor suddenly gave warning that it was going to blow on time.

I do not believe any of us were prepared for the immense burst of water which poured up into the air, spraying steam out into the wind. Old Faithful sends up approximately ten thousand gallons at each eruption. The tremendous power of this geyser sometimes projects water one hundred and seventy feet into the air. It continues to erupt for about four minutes, then it subsides until the next scheduled performance.

Old Faithful does not hold the high spouting record for the Yellowstone, however. The Giant, in the same basin, sometimes reaches a height of two hundred and fifty feet. But since the Giant erupts only once or twice a week, it cannot compete in popularity with Old Faithful.

After dark, everyone turned out to see Old Faithful erupt again under a gleaming searchlight.

The temperature of this geyser is two hundred and one-tenth degrees Fahrenheit, which is above boiling point at this altitude. Animals sometimes fall into the near-by hot springs and get cooked.

Between performances we went for a hot-water swim. The swimming pool is supplied by water from these same springs, but needless to say the pool water is cooled before anyone is allowed to dive in.

That night, when we went to sleep in a modern hotel, it was hard to believe that we

It would be impossible to tell you what I think about all the stories and articles which make this magazine the best in the world, so I will close by telling you that my hobby is collecting dolls of different nationalities.

I'm wishing luck to the magazine, its readers, and its writers.

June Kimball

"THE SCOUT TRAIL"

BAYSIDE, NEW YORK: Although I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since 1938 and have been intending to write for a long time, I never have.

I go to Bayside High School and will be a junior in February. I am sixteen years old and a First Class Scout with twelve badges. There are about ten Scout troops here, including two Brownie packs, six intermediate troops, one senior troop, and one Mariner troop. I am the scribe in Troop One Twenty-Nine. All the girls in our troop think it is the best one in town. Until recently we had a troop newspaper called *The Scout Trail*, of which I was exchange editor. We exchanged

our paper with other Scout papers all over the country.

To get back to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I particularly like the Girl Scout stories and articles. My favorite cover was the October, 1939 one of the Girl Scout. I would like to take that cover off. I also like Bushy and Lofty very much and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*.

I have two sisters who are Girl Scouts. One is fourteen and is First Class, too; the other is twelve and is Second Class.

Eileen Ryan

EUNICE'S AMBITION

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I've taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years and think it is just swell. The serial, *The Desert Calling*, was very good. The short time I've been taking *AMERICAN GIRL*, my family and I wait every month for it.

I am twelve years old and I just adore dogs and horses. My ambition is to be a veterinarian when I grow up.

Eunice Balish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

LAND OF GEYSERS

were really in the midst of a great wilderness area. But back from the loop highway, with its comfortable hotel and cabin accommodations, lies an immense tract of forest. Altogether the Park covers approximately 2,222,000 acres, an area equal to approximately one and one-half times the area of the State of Delaware.

The idea of our whole national park system was born in the minds of a group of explorers who were camping one night in the Lower Geyser Basin of the Yellowstone. The men were sitting around the evening campfire, discussing ways of utilizing this wonderland through private enterprise, when one man said, "Anything so beautiful as this newly discovered region should be set aside by the Government as a great national park, for the enjoyment of the people for all time, and each of us ought to make an effort to have this accomplished."

As a result of this campfire discussion, the original area of the Yellowstone was dedicated by President Grant in the year 1872, the first real national park in the world.

THE next morning we made a tour of Upper Geyser Basin with a guide. "When I was a boy," Nils said, as we made our way over the steaming ground, "I was told that if I dropped a soiled handkerchief into a geyser, it would come out snow white."

Just then we stopped by what is known as the Chinaman Spring. "Here," the guide told us, "the story goes that a Chinaman once set up his laundry business, in order to utilize the free supply of hot water. All went well until the soap he used plugged up the neck of the spring. Shortly afterward the trapped water blew out the neck, erupting so violently that the poor Chinaman was thrown into the air and never came down again."

After telling the story about this mythical laundryman, the guide warned visitors against washing anything in the pools, or throwing anything into the geysers. When one understands the plumbing of a geyser, one can understand the reason for this rule.

Geysers are only found at places where hard rock and volcanic heat occur near the surface. Water seeps underground and is

soon heated. The heat from farther depths turns the deeper water into steam. This steam presses upward, looking for a way to escape. Finally the cooler water on top can no longer hold the steam down. It goes hissing up through the neck of the geyser, a narrow fissure or crack in the rocks, throwing water high into the air until the tube is cleared. Then the geyser subsides until the steam pressure from below is once more too great—and off it goes again. A stoppage may cause a change of outlet or a more violent eruption.

After lunch our caravan started toward Yellowstone Lake, which was described by early explorers as having the shape of a giant hand. It is the largest lake at this altitude in the United States. On the way to the West Thumb, our driver pointed out two places where we crossed the Continental Divide. He said that during spring floods, the waters in the near-by ponds had a hard time deciding whether to flow toward the Atlantic or the Pacific.

We soon found ourselves skirting the shore of a beautiful lake with evergreens reflected in its waters. But even this lake is not free from volcanic action. At one point a hot spring comes right up into the lake water and has built a cone of minerals around itself. It is said to be possible to cook a fish by dangling your rod over this bowl and letting your catch stew in the spring water. However, this practice, as well as clothes washing, is forbidden by the Park authorities.

Leaving the lake, we followed Yellowstone River toward Yellowstone Canyon. On the way we stopped to see a strange, mud-spitting volcano, and a bit farther on the "paint pots," which are really hot springs bubbling through clay and mud.

We reached the Canyon of the Yellowstone just in time to see the "Bear Cafeteria." The feeding ground where the bears receive the garbage is at some distance from the hotel, and is so arranged that the most timid visitor may watch the bears without fear. An arena with wooden seats has been installed on the hillside and the bears feed in a pit below.

When we arrived, black bears and several of the big grizzlies were edging toward the

(Continued on page 48)



Kindness

FARMER: See here, young fellow, what are you doing up in that tree?

BOY: Oh, one of your apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back. — *Sent by ALICE DUTTON, Louisville, Kentucky.*

Very Brave

MOTHER: Charles, how did you get that black eye?

CHARLES: I was protecting a little boy.

MOTHER: Who was he?

CHARLES: Me. — *Sent by MARJORY STERLING, Crisfield, Maryland.*

Three Ships

TEACHER: Name three hardships Columbus had while on his journeys of exploration.

JOHNNY: The *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*. — *Sent by FLORA SMITH, Bangor, Maine.*

Self-Evident

"Good morning, Jimmy," said a neighbor to a small boy who was sweeping up dead leaves. "Is your mother in?"

"Well," said Jimmy, "I wouldn't be doing this on a Saturday morning if she wasn't." — *Sent by CONSTANCE RASMUSSEN, Merced, California.*

Vain Quest



MRS. SMITH: I've been looking for my husband for two hours.

MISS JONES: That's nothing. I've been looking for mine for twenty years and haven't found him yet. — *Sent by CAROL ADAMS, Thomasville, Alabama.*

The Prize-Winning Joke



A Little Slow

NEW TYPIST (after rapid-fire dictation): Now, Mr. Jones, what did you say between "Dear Sir" and "Sincerely Yours?" — *Sent by MARYBELLE SHEPHERD, Mission Kansas.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

In the Office

MILLIE: Can you typewrite?

TILLIE: Yes, but I use the Columbus system.

MILLIE: The Columbus system?

TILLIE: Uh, huh. I find a key and then land on it. — *Sent by COLENE SMITH, Detroit, Michigan.*

One at a Time

Old Uncle Ezzy, sitting in a corner near the fireplace, was working industriously with a stub of pencil and a piece of paper. Suddenly he looked up happily. "Dog-gone," he exclaimed, "if I ain't learned to write!"

Maw got up and scanned the lines scrawled across the

paper. "What do it say?" she asked.

"I don't know," replied Uncle Ezzy, puzzled. "I ain't learned to read yit." — *Sent by JOAN CARMELL, Chicago, Illinois.*

Why Not?



A small child, having seen her father lying on the bed snoring, went running to her mother.

"Oh, Mummy, come and listen to Daddy purring," she cried. — *Sent by BARBARA LEE, Somerset, Pennsylvania.*

Resourceful

BOY: Do those eggs cost twenty-four cents a dozen?

GROCER: Yes.

BOY: How much would four dozen cost?

GROCER: They would cost ninety-six cents.

BOY: Thanks. That's part of my home work. — *Sent by CORRINNE LIGHTNER, St. Edward, Nebraska.*

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LAND OF GEYSERS

platform. When the truck with the garbage cans arrived, more bears crowded in, and soon there were more than thirty of the big silver-tips, as the grizzlies are often called. The larger bears chased the numerous black bears away. California gulls flew over from the lake and waited for a chance at the left-overs.

Grizzlies often weigh from eight hundred to a thousand pounds, and are ferocious animals; but since they are wilder than their cousins, the black bears, they seldom come near visitors. It is the friendly black bears who become troublesome. Some of them will go to any lengths to secure a bite of something sweet. They have been known to rip the top off a car to get a bag of candy.

In the Yellowstone, unruly bears are banished to the outer regions of the Park where they are on probation, but they often become so homesick for the hotel garbage cans that they return to the highways. If they persist in being bold and meddlesome, they have to be killed.

After dinner we hiked to the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. This is sometimes confused with the Grand Canyon of Arizona. But while the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone cannot compare in size with the Arizona Canyon, the Yellowstone is by no means small, and it is very beautiful. The predominant color theme of the canyon walls is yellow, but other rocks are almost white, or varicolored, presenting a dramatic contrast to the evergreen forest on the rim. The falls are spectacular, being nearly twice as high as Niagara, and the water plunges over with a tremendous roar. We sat for a while watching the water spray when it hit the bottom. These falls give the canyon a special beauty.

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stranger had gone, and all the riders except Mr. Blake and another man went pounding down the trail after the wagon and its precious load.

Then Mr. Blake told his story. "Old man Craddock was looking through his telescope, like he always does. He saw the fellow take over your wagon and start south. He told Jim, and Jim rounded up a posse as soon as he could. But by that time the trail was getting cold." As he talked, Mr. Blake was helping Molly up on his horse and wrapping his coat around her. "But when we saw the first chicken and found a piece of your dress around its neck—well, we just naturally spread out and somebody was sure to see a white chicken. The trail was easy after that. We got along right fast."

"White chickens?" questioned Steve, sud-

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settled at a crazy tilt, water pouring through the open window by the barrelful. "Near thing!" The stranger shouted in her ear above the noise of the storm, and she answered with a hearty sneeze.

Sunlight was streaming through Ann's bedroom windows when she awoke—and Ann's was a west bedroom. She raised her aching head and looked doubtfully at her watch. Four o'clock. Impossible!

What must Bud be thinking? How was the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

When we started to hike up again, I found myself out of breath. What poor physical condition I must be in, I thought to myself! Then I noticed that Nils was puffing, too. We suddenly realized that we were feeling the altitude. When we reached the canyon rim we found ourselves getting very drowsy. Nils suggested that we dance, to wake ourselves up, as an orchestra was playing in the recreation hall. But we had made only three or four turns around the room when we began to feel dizzy.

The altitude again, I felt sure. We soon went to bed and were asleep literally the moment our heads struck our pillows.

The curiosities of the Yellowstone are not limited to volcanic phenomena. In the northern part of the Park there are "petrified forests." The next morning a group went on a side trip to see one of the petrified trees on the road to Tower Falls, where they also saw a small herd of buffalo. We preferred to hike about the falls until after lunch, when it was time for our bus to start for Cody.

The long drive out of the Park, via the canyon of the Shoshone River, ended our trip. Among the other approaches to the Park, we were told that the Red Lodge highway is more spectacular than the Gardiner-Cody circuit. This new road is said to loop back on itself, performing road miracles and going many miles along mountain ridges, some ten thousand feet in altitude, taking one above the clouds. However, as our caravan of busses rolled on down toward the Buffalo Bill center, and we found ourselves sometimes skirting cliffs, sometimes tunneling through the rocks, we decided that the Yellowstone is astounding from any approach the traveler may decide to take.

ROSE-SPRIGGED DRESS

denly enlightened. "Molly, did you turn the chickens loose?"

She nodded. "I tore strips off my skirt and tied them about the chickens' necks. I knew almost anybody around here would recognize that dress. Then I let the chickens out of the coops and they just naturally walked to the back of the wagon and flew out."

"Yep, we've been following a trail of white chickens," nodded Mr. Blake.

Steve turned to Molly, his eyes alight with admiration. "Fine work, Molly Blake," he cried. "You're sure the smartest girl in the State—as well as the prettiest."

Molly smiled down at him. These warm words from Steve made up for everything, even the destruction of her rose-sprigged dress. And there was still enough of it left to make a frock for her little cousin Alice.

GENIUS IN BUD

exhibition going? With a stocking pulled halfway on, she suddenly remembered the events of the night before and sat down weakly on the side of the bed.

Why, there couldn't be any exhibition, with the store wrecked and half the pictures ruined. Oh, poor Bud! One by one she retraced the events of the night before. The stranger with the boat had brought her home. Her mother had given her an aspirin and had made her take a hot bath—she was sure Ann must have taken a cold.

Well, she had. A series of sneezes overpowered her, and her mother appeared at the door.

"Young lady, get right back into bed. I'm not going to have a pneumonia patient on my hands."

"But I've only got a little cold," Ann protested.

"Well, we're going to see that it doesn't grow into a big cold. As a special consideration, I'm going to let you get up this evening and have your picture taken."

"My picture? What on earth—who wants it?"

"That Chicago reporter. I've lived with a newspaper man for thirty years, but I never saw a news hound like that one. He doesn't miss anything. Pictures of the *Clarion* office, pictures of Bud, pictures of the exhibition—" "Exhibition?"

"Yes, it was a big success. Everybody in Grimes Center was there, acting as though Bud Gillian was their own flesh and blood."

"But where—how—?"

"Well, Mr. Phelan said if it meant so much to you as all that, he guessed he could take a chance on Bud, too. So he and that Mr.

Sampson who brought you home last night arranged it with the School Board and set up all the paintings in the school gym."

"How wonderful!"

"Everything went off splendidly. Bud even got those other pictures out of the store this morning—the building didn't collapse after all. He took a boat and climbed in through a window. He said they were still wedged above the water, though that stocking rope of yours couldn't have held out much longer."

Ann asked anxiously, "And the reporter—what did he say?"

"He said the paintings were crude, but he thought they showed a lot of promise. He's advising Bud to apply for a scholarship in a Chicago art school next fall. I guess that's what you'd call 'budding genius,' h-m?"

Ann lay back on her bed, overwhelmed by so much good fortune. "Then I didn't lose my job with the *Clarion* after all?"

Her mother laughed. "Hardly! With that Chicago reporter writing Bud up in the Sunday paper—and giving you front-page space for risking your life to rescue the pictures—I'd say, young lady, that you're more likely to get a raise."

CINDERELLA COMPLEX

told us to choose our own subject, only it must be pertaining to college life. It could be why we came, or our first impressions, or campus clothes, or anything of the sort. I sat there gnawing on my fountain pen, trying to choose a subject, when Dora Lee came in, trailing clouds of glory in the form of a pink-and-blue chiffon negligee. Not very hopefully I asked, "Can you suggest a subject for me to write about for that English assignment to-morrow? It has to be something about college."

"She did tell us to write one, didn't she?" Dora murmured vaguely. (Dora Lee's I.Q. is extremely low.) She picked up the larger-than-life-size picture of my cousin, Ralph Edmondson, which he had presented to me as a parting gift because, as he said, nothing else can do more to enhance a college girl's room than a collection of photographs of handsome men.

Dora gazed at the picture in a rapt manner. "What a fascinating man," she said. "So distinguished looking. Is he your brother?"

"No," I said, "he's a distant cousin. That's my brother." I pointed to a small, unflattering picture of Pete in a bathing suit that had stretched. I added hastily, "It doesn't do him justice."

Dora dismissed Pete with a glance and went back to admiring Ralph. She took the picture to a reading lamp and examined it, like a handwriting expert on the track of a clue.

"Let's get on with our themes," I suggested. "You help me and I'll help you. I believe I'll call mine *College Daze*."

"That's pretty good," she said. "How old is he?"

"He's twenty-four and engaged to be married," I snapped.

"Is he really?" said Dora Lee faintly. She sat there silent a few minutes, then she trailed out.

I took a firmer grip on my fountain pen, reached for a fresh sheet of paper, and drew a long breath. Then I chose a new subject. It was *Ruminations on a Roommate*. I had plenty to say on that subject, though of course I tried not to give anything away that

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might cause me embarrassment if it had to be read aloud.

Well, if you will believe me, I did have to read my theme aloud, and Miss Rankin said it had originality.

The girl beside me whispered, when I sat down, "That was very funny." I wondered who she was. I hadn't noticed her before, but she was the kind of girl you could easily overlook. I mean she was sort of nondescript. She wasn't a blond, but she wasn't a brunette, either. She wasn't ugly, but she wasn't pretty. She wasn't tall, but she wasn't short. She wasn't noticeably well dressed, but she wasn't shabby. When we left the classroom, she said, "Will you show me where the dining hall is?"

"Yes indeed," I told her. "That's where I'm going now."

As we walked along, she said, "I've been wondering who your roommate is."

"I haven't seen her yet," I answered, "but I don't see how we can ever be congenial. She's terribly rich, for one thing. And she's never been to school in this country much. And her grandmother is a countess. I've never known any of the nobility, but I imagine they are very haughty."

She grinned. "I don't believe so," she said. "I think they are just like everybody else." After a minute she went on, "I haven't met my roommate yet, either. One of the other girls told me she's the butterfly type. She probably won't care for me at all. I'm something of a bookworm, except I do love sports. I might even love beaux if I had any, but I'm not the glamorous kind of girl—you can see that." She laughed good-naturedly. I noticed that she had a big mouth with fine white teeth.

"I think she'd have to like you," I blurted out. "I mean, she couldn't help it." By that time I had discovered that she was not nondescript in personality. She was natural and friendly and interested in other people.

She smiled. "Your roommate may not be too bad," she said. "And I certainly wouldn't let the money bother me. She probably hasn't half as much as you've heard—people exaggerate so."

"There's another thing that bothers me,"

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I sighed. "I wish I knew if she likes ham biscuits."

"They sound nice. I've never tasted any," the girl said. "But what difference does it make to you if she doesn't like them?"

"Mother sends them to me," I said, "and other knickknacks. But I wouldn't have fun making a spread if I knew my roommate was snooty about the food."

She threw back her head and laughed again. "You're as ridiculous as my little brother," she said. "Once, when he was five, he came in and said, 'Mother, could the Prince of Wales have the colic?' That girl will probably eat up your ham biscuits like a cat eating a canary."

We were seated at separate tables in the dining hall so I didn't see her again. After lab, when I went up to my room, I saw at a glance that my roommate had arrived. Her open hand bag was on the floor, her dresser was covered with toilet articles, her hat was lying on the bed. But she wasn't there.

Someone knocked at the door. I went to open it. There stood a striking looking girl, very tall and dark, wearing a black velvet jumper and tam, and a white satin blouse. I gave her a sickly smile. "Come in," I said. "You must be Mary Patricia DeLongino. I'm Lucy Ellen Downing."

"As a matter of fact, I'm not," she answered. "I'm Gloria Stevens. I heard Patricia

had got in. I just wanted to speak to her."

"Have a seat," I said. "I imagine she will be here soon. Her things are here."

She sat down and a sort of painful silence fell. We didn't seem to have anything to say to each other. You know sometimes the lines of communication break down like that. We made a few weak efforts at talking about the weather and the view of the chapel from the west window, but mostly we sat glum. Drearily I thought, "This is a sample of Mary Patricia's friends. This is the way it's going to be the whole year."

Just then someone called, "May I come in?" I went to the door and there stood the darling girl I had talked to at lunch time. "Come in," I cried, brightening up at the sight of her. "I'm so glad to see you. And you'll get to meet the new roommate—she's arrived. I imagine she'll be here in a minute."

Her eyes began to dance. "I'm Mary DeLongino," she said. "It's a small world, isn't it?"

I swallowed hard. I didn't need to speak because Gloria had recovered her conversational powers. "Darling," she squealed, "how are you? It's too divine you're coming here this year. I can't stand it. You're looking marvelous. I'm dying to hear what you did this summer. Something super, I know." She went on in that vein for quite a while. Mary answered sort of briefly.

At last she left. Mary heaved a sigh. "She's my stepmother's cousin or something," she said. "The whole family is like that—melodramatic. They all call me Patricia and I loathe it. You call me Mary, please."

She gave a wide grin and took me by the shoulders. "Isn't it funny," she said, "how we felt about rooming together? Each dreading the other like a dragon?"

"I suppose I had a Cinderella complex," I confessed.

"And when you see Grandmama," she went on, "you'll adore her. She's so old and sweet and lame and deaf. And very poor, now, since the war. Papa looks after her, though." She was stowing away her things in her closet as she talked. "I suppose I had what you would call an Ugly Duckling complex," she remarked, hanging the hat she had been wearing on a convenient nail. "When I talked to you at noon, I knew, of course, from what you said that I was going to be your roommate—and I decided it was going to be nice."

"It must be the four-leafed clover," I cried. I took down the little box and showed it to her, and told her what Mrs. Crockett had said.

Mary nodded her approval. "I have a feeling that we're going to have a good year." Then she turned and looked around the room as if she were searching for something. "You don't happen to have any of those ham biscuits left, do you, Lucy Ellen?" she asked.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—GRANT WOOD

THE small boy whose Quaker father returned a copy of Grimm's fairy tales to a neighbor with thanks, saying, "We Quakers can read only true things," grew up to paint "true things" in an objectively realistic manner. Grant Wood was a pioneer in realizing the pictorial quality in the commonplace surroundings and the undistinguished people of everyday American life. He was born in Anamosa, Iowa, in 1892, and his subjects have always been the farm country and folk of the Middle West. As a boy he loved to draw and he remembers his first pictures, made on sheets of cardboard in his earliest studio underneath the dining-room table, where the red-checked cloth made delightful arches on both sides. His father died when Grant was ten, and the small boy found himself the head of a family consisting of his mother, two brothers, and a sister. Undaunted, he turned to mowing lawns, caring for the neighbors' cows and chickens, and successfully raising the family vegetables. He managed to continue in school, graduating in 1910 from Washington High School in Cedar Rapids.

The next year young Grant Wood went to Minneapolis, working in handicraft metals in a jewelry shop by day and studying design, in which he was tremendously interested, at night; but the term ended, his job folded up, and he was forced to return to Cedar Rapids to teach in a school to which he walked four miles back and forth each day in all kinds of weather. At this time he was disappointed in the results of a course in Fine Arts which he took at the University of Iowa, and as soon as possible he found a position in Chicago which enabled him to study at night at the Chicago Art Institute; but the job failed and there followed a difficult time during which he lived on practically nothing. He borrowed money from a friend to return to Cedar Rapids, only to find that his mother, ill-advised, had lost her home and everything she possessed. With his usual pluck, Wood bought a lot for a dollar down and a dollar a month, and built a small shack, managing to keep the family for the next two years by odd jobs, hunting, and gardening. One bright day, he sold two manuscripts to *Country Life* for twenty-five dollars apiece. Then a friend hired him to help build two houses, deeding a lot to him in payment for his work. Through a Building and Loan Company, Grant Wood raised enough money on this lot to purchase material to build a house, doing all the work himself.

Just as his situation was improving slightly, the United States entered the World War and the young man waived exemption to join the army. The new private expected to be put to work in the camouflage department, but he was quarantined at Camp Dodge, in Des Moines, Iowa by an epidemic of flu. His sketches on brown paper (twenty-five cents for a doughboy and a dollar for an officer) so amused his comrades that, by common consent, he was relieved of all the rough work. Years later, when Grant Wood's pictures had caused a storm of publicity throughout the country, many an officer in the United States army wrote to ask if the artist were the

same Grant Wood whose pencil sketch the writer still cherished. With the lifting of the quarantine Wood was sent to Washington, where Abbott Thayer and his fellow American artists were experimenting and giving training in camouflage. Much to the artist-soldier's disappointment, he was not sent to France, and the Christmas after the armistice found him home again in Cedar Rapids, teaching art in the public schools.

For seven years he taught school, saving his money, little by little, for a longed-for trip to Europe—and in 1920 his dream came true. By 1928 he had made four trips abroad, studying for a time at Julien's in Paris. On his return from his fourth trip, he looked upon the familiar Mid-Western landscape with a fresh eye. He realized that in these broad prairies, rows of corn, and prim white houses, in these sober, hard-working, simple people, he had found the material for his paintings. He was influenced also by a decorative quality in the landscapes and figures of Currier and Ives prints which suited his changed point of view. His first picture in his present manner was a portrait of his mother, a toil-worn pioneer woman, wearing an apron trimmed with rickrack braid and holding a snake plant in her hand, painted in 1929. "American Gothic" (the frontispiece in the November, 1940 issue) was awarded a prize at the forty-third annual exhibit of the Chicago Art Institute and purchased for the permanent collection by The Friends of American Art. The artist had seen a small white farmhouse with a peaked gable and a single Gothic window. "I imagined American Gothic people," he explained, "with faces stretched out long to go with the Gothic house."

Grant Wood usually makes several preliminary drawings for his pictures, and he generally paints on a panel rather than a canvas. In his zeal for authenticity, he consults even mail-order catalogs to be sure of exactness in detail. He sometimes works for seven or eight weeks, fourteen to eighteen hours a day, on a single picture, applying coat after coat of paint until he is satisfied. His landscape backgrounds are decorative and highly stylized, with smooth curving hills, globular trees, and evenly spaced cornfields. The subject matter of his paintings and their unusual treatment gave rise to much publicity, which made him famous overnight, but Grant Wood is modest and self-critical, conscious that his popularity with the public may be due more to his colorful material and style rather than to any critical evaluation of his art.

Pioneering again, Wood made an unusual arrangement when his picture, "Parson Weems's Fable" (the story of George Washington and the cherry tree) was exhibited in New York—that the artist and his heirs should have a royalty in any future sale of his work. This arrangement, if put into general practice, would prevent the exclusion of the artist or his family from a share in the great sums which have sometimes been paid after an artist's death (or in his lifetime) for a picture for which he had accepted a small amount.

—M. C.

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